

Leslie's Weekly

NOVEMBER 12, 1921

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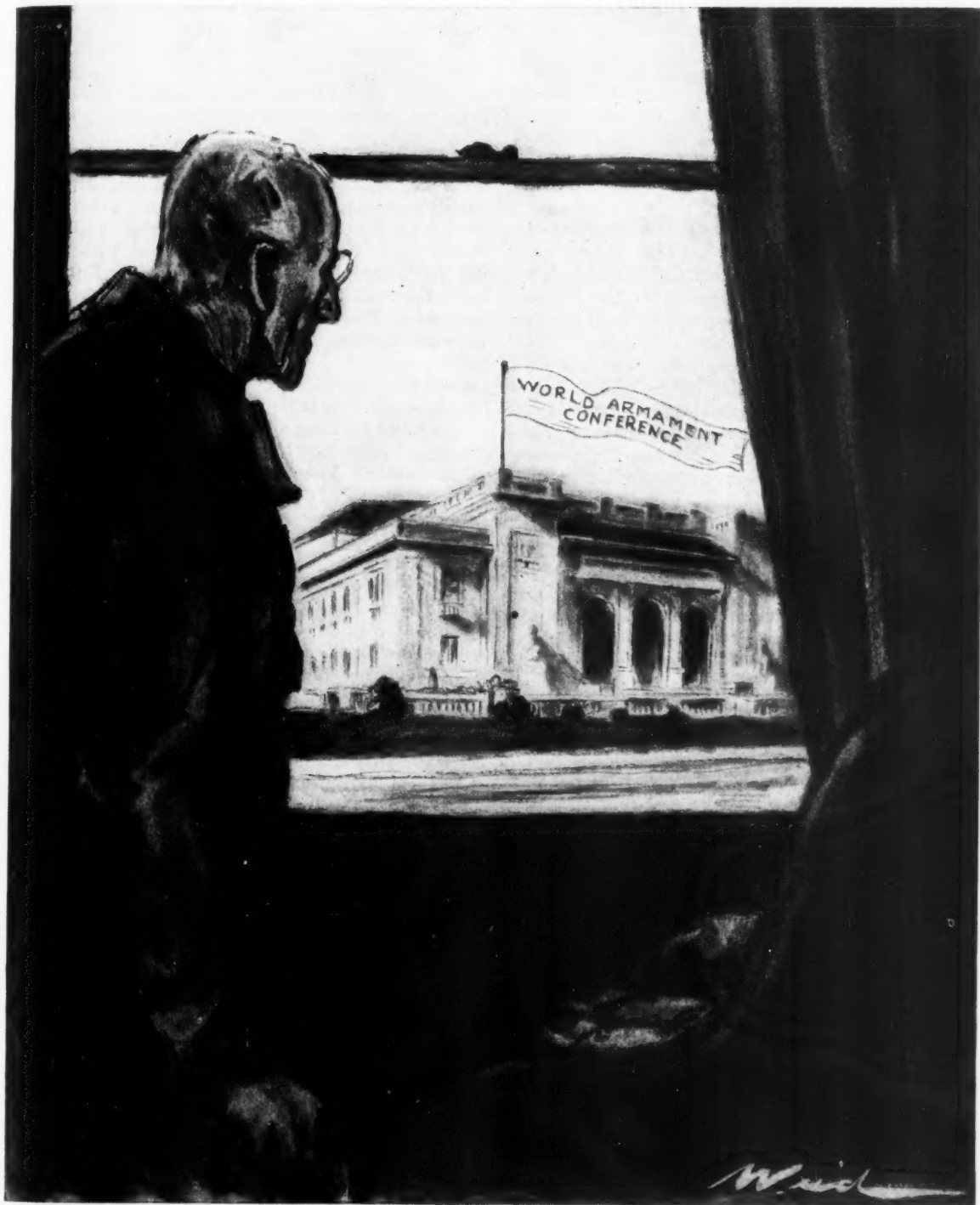
WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON
Editor

JAMES N. YOUNG
Managing Editor

HOWARD E. MORTON
Associate Editor

HORACE GREEN
Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.

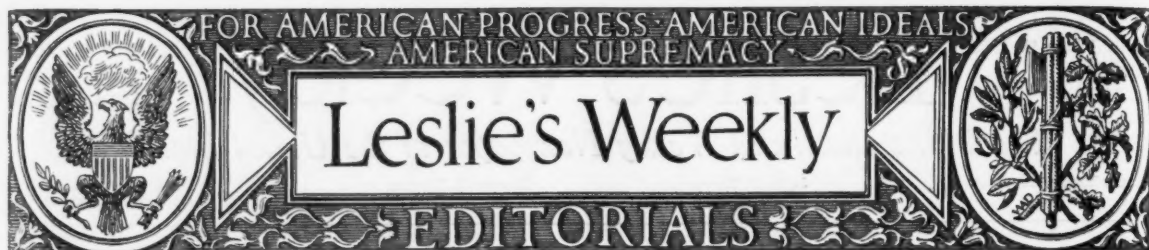
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DRAWN BY CLIVE WEED

The Onlooker

651



Why America Resents the Anglo-Japanese Alliance

WHEN the huge portals of the Pan-American building in Washington have swung open to the delegates of nations and the necessary preliminaries of welcome to the Arms Conference have been disposed of, the United States will present the plan on which it is believed the world's peace can be maintained.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes—which in this matter is to say the Administration—believe that the success of the world's most gigantic business meeting depends on the freedom with which all its spokesmen say exactly what they are driving at and why.

The Administration believes that the delegates should gather round the table in the same frame of mind that Jones or Smith, presidents of competing oil corporations, might iron out their differences at a combined directors' meeting; or as you and I, rival cigar salesmen in the same concern, might put our troubles up to the boss.

It goes without saying that the Washington conference will be infinitely more complicated than the Jones-Smith oil pow-wow: for not only will each of the three nations most vitally concerned have a definite (and probably contradictory) purpose, but each will have a different manner of expressing or cloaking that purpose. English diplomats—by centuries of inheritance and years of training versed in international affairs—will presumably play cricket according to John Bull's rules. Prince Iyesato Tokugawa and his Japanese associates—polished, courteous, inscrutable and mysterious—will, perhaps, with the best intentions in the world, move in that subtle manner of the Orient so baffling to the child-like children of the West. But the program of the United States should be so simple that every citizen of voting intelligence can back it up, so clear that foreign delegates cannot mistake its meaning and its irrevocability—whether or not they admit its justice.

In short, Uncle Sam, having the cards, should deal them face up on the table.

The United States desires: First, arms reduction; second, the "Open Door" in China; third, an end to the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

Now if John Doe, groaning taxpayer, were to examine certain diplomatic documents, he would, as a fair-minded fellow, admit at the outset that the United States has served some pretty unpalatable dishes on the Japanese diplomatic platter. Two of the most distasteful are the Anti-Oriental Land Acts and the Anti-Japanese Immigration laws. They have been continuous pin-pricks to Oriental pride. But they are not to be viewed as an integral part of the forthcoming

Arms Conference except as an irritant militating against Japanese understanding of American motives.

The Anglo-Jap Alliance comes under an altogether different category. As to that: Everyone recalls that before the days of the Russo-Japanese war, when Japan was growing too lusty for her cradle, China was the first adjacent territory to appeal as a possible outlet. Instead of giving vent to necessity by the development of China, Japan attacked China, grabbed land and forced concessions. That was in 1894. A few years later, when Russia appeared on the horizon as Japan's Asiatic rival, Japan made an alliance with Great Britain for the obvious purpose of keeping England's hands tied, and promptly trounced Russia in the first modern naval war. Russia was outbatted, outpitched, whipped, disorganized. Her power in China died on third base.

Germany was the next big League opponent to appear on the scene in the Far East as a Japanese rival.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance was renewed as against Germany. And the Great War settled once and for all the Kaiser's home-run pretensions in the Orient.

Meantime, this "Open Door" doctrine (sold to the world by John Hay when he was President Roosevelt's Secretary of State) insisted that all nations deal with China on a fair and square business basis and that none should use force to gain concessions.

With Russia and Germany silenced, another great nation is to-day exerting authority—moral more than military—in the Pacific, pressure none the less annoying to certain elements in Japan because based on the altruistic doctrine of the "Open Door" and because exerted by the nation which has admittedly treated Japanese immigrants in a "holier-than-thou" sort of manner. That nation is, of course, the United States.

And again Japan wishes to renew the British alliance.

A revival of this treaty could, therefore, be aimed at one country only, and that country is the United States. It would, together with the inevitable propaganda emanating from English sources, place the United States more than ever in the position of being the great obstacle to the Mikado's development in the family of nations. That is why America objects.

As to the Monroe Doctrine and the "Open Door," there is not the slightest hypocrisy about them. The Monroe Doctrine is not, as Japan pretends, America's warning to other countries to keep "hands off"—it is a sign merely to keep guns off. The Monroe Doctrine is, in fact, the "open door" of America, under which in practice the United States has given all nations an equal opportunity to trade in the western hemisphere—provided only there be no foreign efforts to seize property and transform political institutions in this hemisphere. We believe in the "open door" both in America and Asia—an open door to free trade, free competition, free opportunity for developing the best interests of mankind.

H. G.



This photograph is of extraordinary interest—when looked at in conjunction with the one at the bottom of this page. It was made during President Wilson's first cabinet meeting. Those around the table, beginning at Mr. Wilson's left, are: William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; James C. McReynolds, Attorney-General; Josephus

Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster General; Lindley Miller Garrison, Secretary of War; William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State.

AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH WOODROW WILSON

By HORACE GREEN

NONE of the channels employed for obtaining an interview from the ex-President had been successful whether or not they had yielded information. And now the former Secretary of State declined to express an opinion which might be even remotely considered by inference or otherwise, as coming from Mr. Wilson.

At that moment, in fact, there lay before me a letter concerning the arms limitation problem, which read, in part, as follows:

"I cannot escape the conclusion, however, that I should not discuss this subject in any of its phases, at least for the present. It is of the highest importance to the world that the Conference should achieve the largest possible measure of success and I think those charged with the responsibility of conducting it should not be embarrassed by casual or unofficial expressions, no matter how well intended.

"I appreciate the earnest interest of your paper in this question, which is reflected in every line of your very thoughtful letter.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) BAINBRIDGE COLBY."

It was at the end of a hard day's work. Previous indications had given high hopes of success and I was, naturally, disappointed. So too, I thought, would be the public; eager to know how the World's Greatest Peace Party, about to be celebrated on American soil, was viewed by the man who had shaped the League of Nations. I leaned back wearily. My head sank in discouragement. I pictured Mr. Wilson as he used to face the press correspondents. I imagined what might be his thoughts as a silent onlooker at the Pan-American Hall. I believe I was actually meditating possible answers which he would make to the interviewer. . . .

Suddenly the 'phone rang. It was Mr. Wilson's secretary!—the man who, as I found later, goes to the S Street house five days in the week to take from the ex-President replies to the many letters from schools and colleges asking for donations; replies to individuals for personal financial assistance; answers to letters on the shortcomings, as the writers see them, of the Republican party; answers to

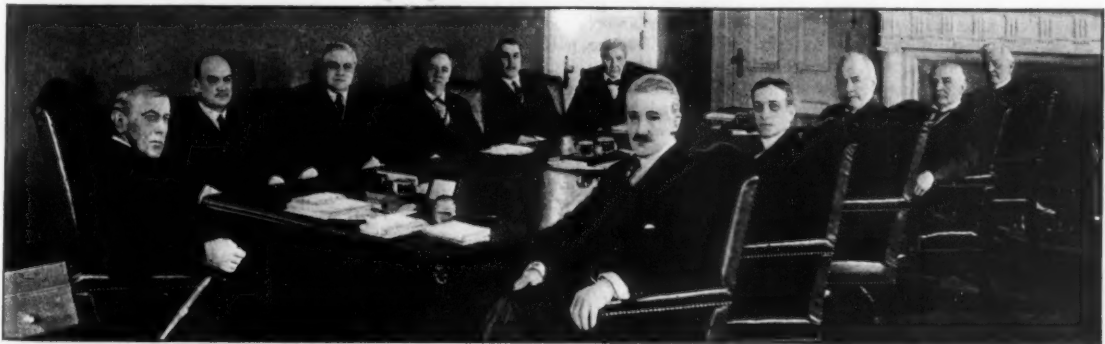
autograph hunters; persons with similar physical ailments; League of Nations enthusiasts, etc., etc.

Mr. Wilson would after all see me "in connection with the subject" of my letters. The words, published interview, stood out in an otherwise indistinct sentence. . . .

I reached the brick house on the outskirts of Washington and walked around the slanting triangle embraced between S Street, Decatur Place, and a deserted strip of woods. A double-terraced garden running from the rear of the residence to Decatur Place is separated from the street by a thirty-foot wall.

Outside stood the "used car," as Mr. Wilson calls it, a huge Cadillac with the Wilson shield and the black-and-orange trimmings—ready, evidently, for the afternoon drive.

A few moments before three I was admitted through the white-paneled portal of No. 2340 S Street. Leading to the front door which faces north is a T-shaped hallway, the south-eastern arm of which extends toward Mr. Wilson's study. The room, high-ceilinged and thickly-carpeted, is spacious, as only a



PHOTOS © KEYSTON Here the President is shown at one of the last cabinet meetings he ever attended. It is said to be the only picture of the sort made during Mr. Wilson's second term. In addition to the President, those seated at the table are (front row, left to right): Secretary of State Colby; Secretary

of War Baker; Postmaster-General Burleson; Secretary of the Interior Payne; and Secretary of Commerce Alexander. Rear: Secretary of the Treasury Houston; Attorney-General Palmer; Secretary of the Navy Daniels; Secretary of Agriculture Meredith, and Secretary of Labor Wilson.

Southern gentleman's library can be. Three sides are padded with book shelves, row upon row, row upon row, extending nearly to the top of the wainscot, and containing the better part of 8,000 volumes accumulated at Princeton and in the White House.

Pervading the study is the full October sun. At the moment it shone across the quiet Potomac River; while a few of its lazy rays, deflected by maple leaves, streamed as through a church window, casting dark patches here and there over the mahogany desk.

Behind this desk, with his back turned, while I waited in the hallway, sat Mr. Wilson.

As he moved to reach an object on the desk there was opportunity to study his face. It is whiter, clearer-complexioned and slightly heavier than on the day when he made his last speech from the rear platform of his moving car; that day when the twitching of face muscles gave indications of motor-nervous collapse. There is a suggestion of puffiness under the eyes, now somewhat hidden by spectacles which have taken the place of his favorite nose glasses. The hair has turned snow-white. It is worn a little longer, but has not thinned. He rose, briskly enough, took a few paces in the direction of the window, and walked without hesitation, though favoring the left side like a ship with a list to port. Obviously, the walk of a man who can never regain full control of muscle, whose active days are at an end. One hand was held behind his back. Through the window he gazed at the indigo blue strip of Virginia hills, then his eye turned to a bag of golf clubs which hung on the wall like crossed foils no longer used.

When I was ushered in, he had regained his seat.

"GOOD afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon, Mr. President."

"I regret very much that it is impossible to answer some of the questions presented in your letters; you yourself will agree to their impropriety. I have nevertheless given attention to the matters stated in your communications to myself and other persons. As you may realize, some pressure has been brought to bear from other sources."

His voice was slightly higher than a year ago, but also had improved in strength.

"My mind is running in different channels. The same old one-track mind, you see, but the track has changed. Events now appear through the lens, so to speak, of a larger understanding. Matters which I once thought so vital"—the speaker made a slow gesture as if drawing aside a curtain—"I now see through a distant veil. In fact, the other day when looking through one of my old books, 'The New Freedom,' it seemed to me that here in my quiet study, far from

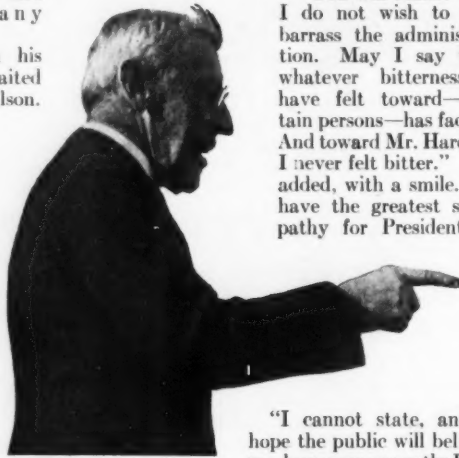
the ken of politics and strife, I had for the first time found the real 'New Freedom.' To watch, unobserved; to listen, unseen—that is my 'New Freedom.'"

"Can you make any practical comment on foreign questions?" was asked.

"I can," he stated tersely. "That I have avoided so far what you call practical comment is out of deference to the present Chief Executive. And I have little interest in questions of the day."

"It would be of interest to the pub—"

"You will realize that I do not wish to embarrass the administration. May I say that whatever bitterness I have felt toward certain persons—has faded? And toward Mr. Harding I never felt bitter." He added, with a smile. "I have the greatest sympathy for Presidents."



KEYSTONE
As millions of Americans remember ex-President Wilson.

"I cannot state, and I hope the public will believe me, how very earnestly I desire that the American Arms Conference should succeed. Though its sponsors do not

realize the fact, the Arms Conference is already an integral part of the League of Nations. If it succeeds—and surely the mere calling of such a representation of the world's leading minds is of itself a measure of success—the first step has already been taken in the direction of a world-inclusive League of Nations; a league in which the United States as well as the fifty-three signatory nations to the present League, shall ultimately be members.

"You still cling to this ideal?"

"Absolutely. The previous administration was sometimes spoken of as 'idealist,' whereas the present administration is sometimes referred to as 'opportunist.' There is perhaps some truth in the distinction.

"May I say that an idealist is one who looks into the future over a span of years, whereas an opportunist is one who looks ahead—as far perhaps as the next election? An association of nations in an Arms Conference, such as that at present gathered, is successful because at the present moment there exists a world-wide cry for peace, born of reaction from the horrors of the late war. The cry for peace is backed by a universal cry from the peoples of the world for reduced taxation, therefore, reduced armament. How long will such sentiment last? Is there anything in the present conference to indicate the continuance of peace after this sentiment dies? Knowing history as I do, studying humanity as I have, I looked far ahead when I fought for the Covenant of the League of Nations.

"Let me give you an illustration: In my home town in Georgia or in your home town in Colorado exists a crime epidemic. Three or four of the most powerful gun-

men in town say to one another, 'We can control the town. Let us shoot anyone that disturbs the peace.' That is analogous to a voluntary association of leading nations. Very good, so long as the most powerful gunmen continue, unanimously, in that frame of mind. But suppose that one or two of them change?"

"An alternate method would be the organization of a police department of the entire Colorado town, giving representation to, and affording protection for all of the smaller districts. This police department would, if necessary, use force to prevent disturbance by any citizen; its charter and by-laws would be so drawn as to insure practically perpetual existence. The police department, giving representation to, and protecting every district in town, is analogous to the League of Nations. It is idealistic in the sense that it looks far ahead; but in the long run it is the saving solution. The voluntary association of the town's leading gunmen is practical for the time being; in the course of years it may disintegrate in a wave of retrogression.

"THE eventual League of Nations, on the other hand, is a mechanism into which, even when the present wave of pacifism dies, all future international difficulties can be poured and out of which they will emerge regenerated to the satisfaction of all parties.

"That is one reason why I should encourage the meeting of statesmen here about to gather. I should encourage it because, in a limited kind of way, it will suffice as a training school for children of the Senate. Here on their home shores, watched by their own guardians, certain of our irreconcilables may wade in the waters of internationalism. Spray touches them: they shiver. A wave hits them: they cry aloud. But give them time and pray that they may grow.

"And for the world at large I should also encourage the Arms Conference, showing, as it does, a very real progress in the direction of universal mediation, or, one might say, meditation, in place of action. It will be followed by longer steps. Let it lead toward Geneva with a constitution, backed by force like the American Constitution, and we shall ultimately have world-wide understanding, by a World-wide Constitution enforced."

"Can you speak about the separate treaty with Germany?"

"A disgrace to our country," replied the former President; "and the sooner forgotten, if that were possible, the better. The Berlin treaty could never have been passed at the time of the Armistice, when those high emotions which stirred us to fight for Democracy were still predominant. In it we insist upon every material gain, we disclaim every responsibility to those very Allies for whose aid Americans were sacrificed and without whose aid we should never have been victorious. That it will lead to our representation on the Reparations Commission is probable. That it was favored by those interests which had invested heavily in the German mark is, perhaps, true; a laudable fact, indeed, to consider in terminating the War of Nations. But the terms of the treaty can never be carried out. Ger-

(Continued on page 675)

The Unknown Soldier

By FRED S. FERGUSON

Decoration by WALTER DE MARIS

H E HAS been chosen, and in accordance with the military order which governed his selection there is "no possible chance of identification." Yet as America pauses on Armistice Day to honor him, as the solemn strains of the dead march resound through historic Arlington, and the nation turns to silent prayer for the war dead, can it then be said that he is unknown?

Those who saw him in the early days of America's effort, with his makeshift uniform, part British, part French, part American; those who saw him after marches and after turns in the trenches with shoes that scarcely deserved the name and that barely covered his bruised and swollen feet, they know him. In later days when the organization at home began to function, and supplies, clothing and shoes arrived in abundance, and the "tramp" soldier of Europe became the savior of the Allied cause, then, those who saw him at Cantigny, at Belleau Wood, on the Vesle, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne—they know this unknown hero.

Regardless of what politicians may say as they explain why America fought, those who knew the American soldier of the fighting days know that written in his heart, deeper than mere words of politicians, was the conviction that he was fighting for a cause. It was a greater cause to him than men who blush, and at least feign embarrassment at the idea that they should once have shown great emotion, will now admit.

Against the picture of frock-coated and dignified statesmen standing in marble chambers explaining war purposes, this scene comes to mind:

A wheatfield in France, become the battleground of the greatest war in history. The noise, the dirt, the smell, the terror of modern battle. All about are Americans, Unknown Soldiers in the vast field of movement and struggle. Beside a road worn by American wagons, horses and men, lies one soldier in particular. He is dead. His bayoneted rifle protrudes from beneath his body, pointing toward the enemy. His face is smeared with sweat and dirt. His rough wool coat is soiled and torn. His hands, reaching ever forward, are clenched as though death came even as he made a last valiant effort to continue the fight. Beside this boy is his gas mask. It is soiled with the dust and grime of war, but through the dust and out upon the scene of destruction shine four words. They were traced carefully in ink upon the rough canvas container by this Unknown Soldier dead by the roadside. And he who stops midst the dust and dirt and terror may read:

"For God and Humanity."

The speeches of the statesmen, the secret intriguing of diplomats, are among the aftermaths of war, but picture another aftermath. A little, barren, scarred plot of ground that seems to stand apart from the great field that rolls away on every

side. Only a few hours before men were fighting across this field. It is torn by ugly shellholes, and just beyond the little plot which seems so barren and alone are foxholes dug in the side of a slight rise. These little holes in the soil of France represent what was the American line. It has now swept on. The little lonesome plot, dotted by a half-dozen rough wooden crosses, is the aftermath. But there is something even more unusual about this little plot. All about it, above it, gyrating in the wind only to come to rest and then be whisked away again, are myriad scraps of paper.

A diplomat seven years ago referred to a sacred covenant as a scrap of paper and there was war. Here on the battlefield, within sound of the ever-pounding guns, are more scraps of paper. They would hardly interest a diplomat. They represent the outpourings of hearts at home to men who a few hours ago were in those shallow foxholes holding the American line. As jackets were thrown off in the heat of the summer sun, or men who fell were prepared for hasty burial, precious letters were torn from frayed pockets. The wind sprang up, whisked them about, tore them apart, and here upon a field of death, rising and falling with the breath of heaven, are words of love, tenderness and encouragement from American homes.

Is there any mention of the heartache, the anxiety wracking a mother, father or sweetheart? There is not. Is there any suggestion that, after all, we may find that we are mistaken in the cause for which we fight? There is not. There is only news and love from home. A father writes, and you read on a field of death in France, of improvements made upon a barn in Nebraska. He and mother had planned other things, but have decided instead to put their money in Liberty Bonds. Much love, and hoping you are well and comfortable. How much might have been written of hours of dread and of prayer that what has come might not come—only those who wrote such letters may know. Another scrap of paper, and a sister in Texas tells how an evening was spent at the movies with a stop at the corner drug store for ice-cream soda. The scrap of paper flits over a field of death in France. Mother is well and will write you the next letter. Oh, yes, they are remodeling the movie theatre and you will hardly know it when you get back, and what a celebration we will have!

And now he is coming back, as many others have come before him unknown save to those who knew them in life and loved them. Now comes he who typifies all, the boy who died by the roadside, and those who bravely and patiently suffered at home.

Unknown?

His name is as old as the glory of God. He is the spirit of a nation at its best, the revelation of a people's soul.



ENGLAND'S MAN-LESS MILLIONS

*Every Girl Among Them Expects to Get a
Husband, and Two Million Won't—
Miss Lilian Barker, C. B. E.,
Expert on Women's Problems,
Gives Some Facts and a
Forecast*

By MARGARET WALTER

Illustrations by
ARTHUR G. DOVE

“WHAT are England's 2,000,000 extra women going to do with themselves?” is a question that seems to be agitating everybody except the 2,000,000 themselves.

Some people talk about dual marriages. There is a whisper going the rounds about a new sex relationship, but Miss Barker, C. B. E., who knows more about English women than anybody in the world, says there is a simple answer to all the agitation, and that answer is *work*.

Miss Barker began as an elementary school teacher at the age of eighteen, and gradually worked herself up until she was acknowledged to be the authority on common school education for girls. She was the principal of the largest women's institute in the country when war broke out and immediately it was formed she enlisted in the Women's Legion, becoming its first commandant. The Government put her in charge of the 30,000 women employed at the Woolwich Arsenal, at the same time making her chief inspector of women munitions workers all over the country. Then she was transferred to the women's training section of the Ministry of Labor and is now executive officer for the training and employment of women who suffered during the war through the loss of their men supporters.

Two-thirds of the female population of this country have passed through Miss Barker's hands as school children, munitions girls and women and industrial workers.

Lilian Charlotte Barker is a solidly built woman with broad shoulders, iron gray hair cut short, and twinkling eyes. She always wears tailored suits even in the evening—in winter of cloth, in summer of shantung. Her shirts and collars are severe, cut for comfort, and she usually wears a neat black string tie. She has strong hands, beautifully kept, and she walks about with her round hat set

well down on her head, but leaving her forehead—a fine, broad, generous one—open to the air. Her hands slip naturally into the side pockets of her skirt, she smokes when she likes, to please herself but not to impress strangers, her manner is direct and simple, her voice low and clear and very gentle, and she is forty-seven. Women instinctively trust her and men treat her as an equal.

“That 2,000,000 of extra women in England is perfectly all right and don't you forget it. Don't you worry one particle about them. There's a big lot of work to be done in this country and the women are going to do their share of it. You just keep your eyes fixed hard on them and you'll see 'em on the job.”

“But don't they want husbands? Aren't women at a discount a menace to civilization, as Professor Geddes says?” I began.

“Yes, they want husbands and let me tell you one thing that every woman knows. Every one of those 2,000,000 girls thinks she's going to have a husband, every girl born thinks she'll have a husband when the time comes. What we have got to do is to help those girls to get work so that they will forget themselves and their own personal desires in their job. They did it in the war.”

“England is a moral nation; we women aren't going to forget all our traditions and prove false to our ideals now after the test we have passed these last five years. Not a bit of it. All you have to do is to remember what the women did in the war. There was a big job to be done then and not a single woman too many. They left off being just women, they dried their tears for their men at the front and every last one of them buckled to and did her bit, and did it fine.

“Then came the hardest test of all. The men came home. They wanted their jobs back and the women gave them up. Did anybody hear any squeals about



“Thousands refused to go back to uncongenial toil.”

that? Did the women say that they could do the jobs better than shell-shocked, war-torn, nerve-racked soldiers? They did not, and they never will. They just quietly stepped down and out. Most of them, and a good many men, too, have no jobs at all.

"But we have touched rock bottom, the worst is past. Trade is picking up and the women will soon be swarming to the factories and the offices, contented and industrious, as it is the nature of English women to be.

"Contented?" I echoed incredulously.

"Yes, contented. That's what I said. There has been a stupendous turn-over in the woman question. The war taught women who had never lifted a finger in their lives that they could do practical, useful work and do it well. It taught raw factory girls that they could do skilled technical work and excel in it; it taught mothers that they could housekeep for thousands as efficiently as they had done for their own families, and they liked doing it. One of the results of this experience was that thousands of women determined to choose their own work. Thousands refused to go back to uncongenial toil, and that's where I'm with them. Why should you think you can pick a woman up like that," Miss Barker picked up a paper weight, "and set her down at a job like that?" she plumped down the paper weight. "A civilized woman has got to have a voice in the choice of her work and it's for us to help her to choose and then help her to train herself to do it. The business of education is not only to show folks how to earn their living, but to teach them to like doing it."

"How many failures have you had, how many women have failed to take your training or hold their jobs after you have trained them?" I asked.

"Two. That's the number. Of the hundreds of women who have asked for government aid to help them in earning their living exactly two have failed to make good. Of course, it's a stiff examination they have to pass before they start. And, of course, they have already gone a good distance before they appeal to us, but all the same two's the number of complete washouts. One as an actress and the other as a doctor. We advise, we train and then we find our women jobs. They stick because they started out to stick."

"That being settled, now please tell me about the demoralization of English women."

"I told you that the English nation is a moral nation. If your figures are correct, the women are the determining factor. English women are not demoralized, and they are not going to become demoralized. These have been bitter times, but the worst is over."

"How about the unmarried mothers



"A mother isn't always the best companion."

and bigamy and all those stories?" I challenged her.

"I'll tell you facts. At Woolwich, where 30,000 women were working under the most devastating conditions of nerves and physical strain, the number of moral lapses, what I mean is, the number of girls who bore illegitimate babies, was 2 per cent. We knew every girl who came inside those gates, we knew her past, her present belonged to us and we controlled her future. When a girl was going to have a baby I took her in hand and explained to her what kind of a job she had taken on. We showed her that she had got to make herself about the biggest and best thing alive, a mother and a father, too. And then we helped her in every way to train for the part.

"That is only one detail. But significant because there was an awful lot of talk then about the glory of providing sons for the nation. It was a time of maximum temptation and minimum control.

"No, English girls are not going downhill, but uphill. And it is uphill in every sense. They can't expect and they don't get the help from the men that they might at another time, because the men are up against the stiffest proposition of their time, too. But at least this is a problem that is being fought shoulder to shoulder, men and women,

and it's being fought straight and clean.

"A girl has never come to me and complained that she wanted a husband and couldn't get one. Sometimes they say they want babies. Then we train them in some department of baby service and they make good every time. There is always plenty of employment for the best highly trained nursery worker or teacher.

"The reason domestic help is short is because women don't want to pay for it. You can't get well-trained slaves any longer, you have to pay for skilled labor, and a good thing, too. There are plenty of servants to be got, but old-fashioned mistresses want to get them for old-fashioned prices. It can't be done and I'm glad of it. We don't pretend to train domestic servants fully; that takes years. All we claim is that we put out girls in an atmosphere of domestic work and teach them how domestic service is done; we teach them to cook and clean and mind babies; to wash and serve, and then the employer has to do her part in the practice. You can't expect a girl who has washed bottles in a pop factory all her life to become a dainty light-fingered parlormaid in a few months; she has got to have experience as well as training.

"Let 'em work. That's all we want for the 2,000,000; that's all they want for themselves. But at jobs they have chosen themselves. And after all, we women are not all born mothers. Just remember that. A mother isn't always the best companion or teacher of her children. I know I'm talking heresy, but it's true.

"If ever any woman comes to me and complains she has been cheated out of a husband and children I shall just answer plain and straight: Go to work and forget it. And she will."



"There is a whisper going the rounds about a new sex relationship."

THE PHANTOM CARAVEL

By H. M. HAMILTON

Illustrations by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

I WAS serving as kitchen-boy on the brig *Oaxaca*, in cargo with bananas from the Grand Canary to Boston, when it happened. It was early evening, and I was peeling potatoes, with a book propped in front of me—a book of early voyages: my only book and my best companion.

It started very simply. I was not watching my work and let a potato fall to the floor. Piton, the cook—a fat Haytian negro with one eye that glowed like a red coal in his black pock-marked face, snarled at me in his Creole French:

"Cafa'd! Lazy fool! Pott'on! The place for the *patates* is in the *canari*: the pot; not on the floor. Do you hear?"

His words meant nothing. But at the same time he seized my book and thrust it into his fire. My book; my friend! I saw the edges shrivel and blacken. Then I threw the offending potato direct at Piton. It hit him on the cheek—hard.

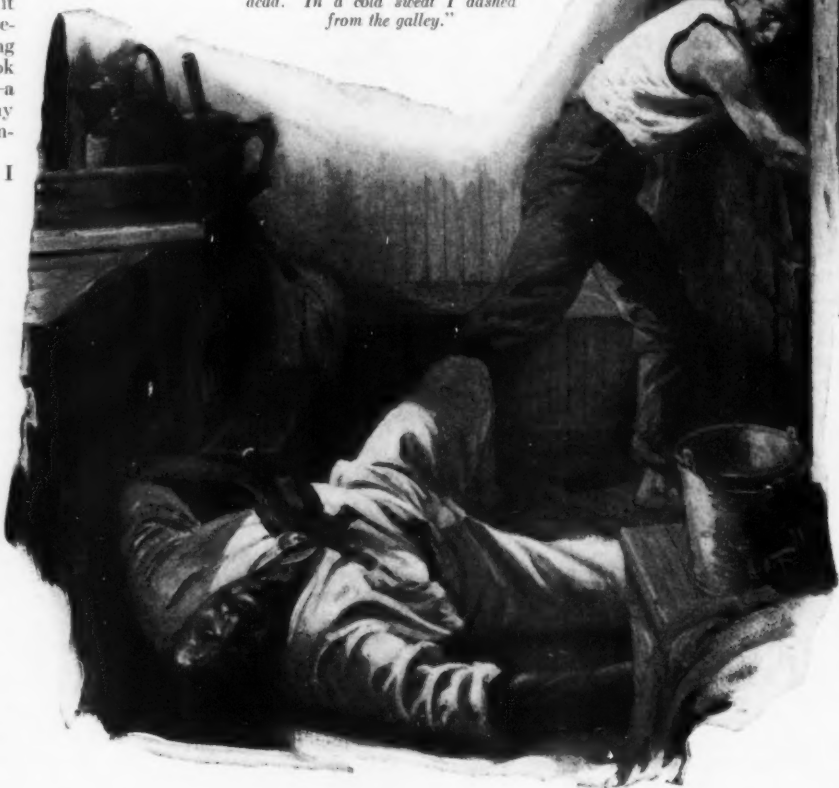
With one swoop of his black paw he swung the broom that was in his hand, and brought it around crack! across my forehead, so that the stick broke in his hands. I was blinded and reeling, but I caught up my heavy knife and threw it straight at his heart. It quivered and stuck; a queer silly grin came across his ebony face, his lips parted, and slowly his knees gave way. Down he went—for all I knew, dead.

In a cold sweat I dashed from the galley. Dark had fallen; it was very still. No one was to be seen except two of the crew—Dutchmen—who smoked and played chess by lantern-light in the bows. Yet, to my terrified mind there were a hundred in pursuit. I had no mind to hang from the mizzen yard before morning—which was the least my imagination could conjure—as a warning to men who held life cheaply. I could not bear to face retribution, which I knew would come swift and sure.

So with fingers that trembled and boggled I fastened on a life-belt which I had caught up from the chest as I ran; I slipped over the rail, crouching low so as not to make a splash—then leaped into the dark waters beneath me.

No one, apparently, had noticed me. The *Oaxaca* forged ahead slowly, breath-

"Down he went—for all I knew, dead. In a cold sweat I dashed from the galley."



ing deep and soft, cutting the water with a faint sound like the ripping of silk. There was dead silence on board; I could not believe that on that dark ship, where only three or four lights glowed—lay a man I had just killed—as I thought!

She drew away little by little. And gradually the terror of my position came over me; floating thus alone on unfrequented seas, without a drop to drink or a morsel to eat; with a head that throbbed like a trip-hammer at my temples; and with only a little girdle of canvas and cork between me and eternity.

I tried to call out, but in that echoing waste of water my voice was small. The *Oaxaca* was already low in the water, a blinking little star of light at her tail. I could see the lazy trail of her smoke across the sky, growing fainter, and at last disappearing entirely. I was alone in a universe of stars and of level waters.

That night, and darkness, passed after an eternity; I thought when I saw the blood-red line of the dawn that day meant hope for me. But when it broke at last, blinding my eyes with its intolerable glare of sunlight on the water,

I could only pray for the blessedness of night again.

My wound pained me. I put my finger to it; the hair was clotted with the blood that had dried in it. Gulls fluttered about my head—I had to beat them off with my fists, crying out blasphemies in my piping small voice—telling them to begone; that I was not yet carrion.

After that day—it was even longer than the night had been—coolness came with the twilight. Overcome with mortal weariness, I had nevertheless not once closed my eyes, searching the wide horizon for a possible sail. But now the balls seemed almost to be bursting through the lids; the night eased them. As to my wound, I washed it with seawater; it smarted and burned, but I thought my head had grown clearer.

Then—all at once I seemed to hear voices; shouts and laughter, but thin and faint, as if far away. With a start I looked about me. There—where a moment before had been emptiness, loomed the great, gray sails of a ship.

At first I could not believe my sight—yet there could be no doubt of it—

though a queerer craft I had never yet seen. She was perhaps nearest like the junks I had seen in the China Sea, yet she was not Chinese. She stood high, with two banks of ports through which round muzzles stared; her forecabin leant out far beyond the stem, and she carried a half-deck and quarter-deck aft. Thirty feet or so in the beam—as big as the *Oaxaca*—but with no signs of steam. She carried three masts and a sprit; the two forward ones square-rigged; the mizzen carrying a lateen.

But I was too much startled to notice more than this; that for all the sail she carried, she did not move. I could have sworn she was anchored, but that the anchors were up in plain view. She lay as in a sea of glass; her canvas drooped and her streamers fell limp. Yet a cool breeze fanned my brow! There was something so queer, and inhuman, and sinister about her that I gave but one cry—breaking hoarsely like a dog's bark from my swollen lips; I could hear voices and make out a half-dozen dark forms gathered at the rail—then the whole world went blank to me.

I was lying on deck, dripping, and there was a little crowd about me. In the dim glow of an old-fashioned horn lantern I could see the gleam of swarthy faces—the flash of bold black eyes. I made out that the language was Portuguese, but a sharper, shriller accent than the Lisbon drawl, which I was familiar with. My first question was:

"What ship is this?"

There was a silence; then several voices at once:

"The *Santa Fe*, out from Lisbon—under God's Providence bound for Calicut—but in Heaven's name who are you?"

In truth I must have been a merry sight, clad only in dungarees, barefoot, blood-crowned, wild-eyed and sodden with weariness. My tongue would scarcely answer my will, but at last I stammered:

"*Água—um copo d'água!*
Water; for God's sake! *Em nome de Deus!*"

Ah, the sweet trickly of that water! I lifted my eyes: a girl had put the cup to my lips—a soft-eyed, gentle creature whose presence—amongst those cut-throat rogues—was a thing both to be grateful for and anxious over. But her eyes smiled down into mine with a friendliness six years of knocking about the world had never yet offered me—then she put her soft, cool hand on my forehead, and suddenly I slept.

When I wakened it was day—and yet no such day as the one before; no merciless sun, but a soft milky light as unreal as moonlight. Still we lay as if in pond-water—not the flap of a canvas—not the flutter of a flag. And overhead I could hear

the crisp breezes sing! It made my flesh chill to perceive that!

Beside me sat two people: the girl who had given me the water, and a boy but little older—say my own age.

"*Bons dias!*" he cried in his own tongue—that queer clipped Portuguese of theirs. "We thought you would never waken."

I looked about me. At my side lay the life-belt, which some one had taken off for my greater comfort. My head still felt light, but the pain was gone. Except for the two, the boat seemed quite empty.

"Where are the others?" I asked. They seemed to have trouble making out my accent, but at last the boy said:

"Ah! They are all frightened of you—they will not come. They are all fearful people on this boat. We two—we are also a little fearful."

"But why?" I cried.

"They say—" he lowered his voice—"that you are one of the *sereias*—the

people who come out of the sea for sorcery—or perhaps a *feiticeira*—a witch. God grant it be not true!"

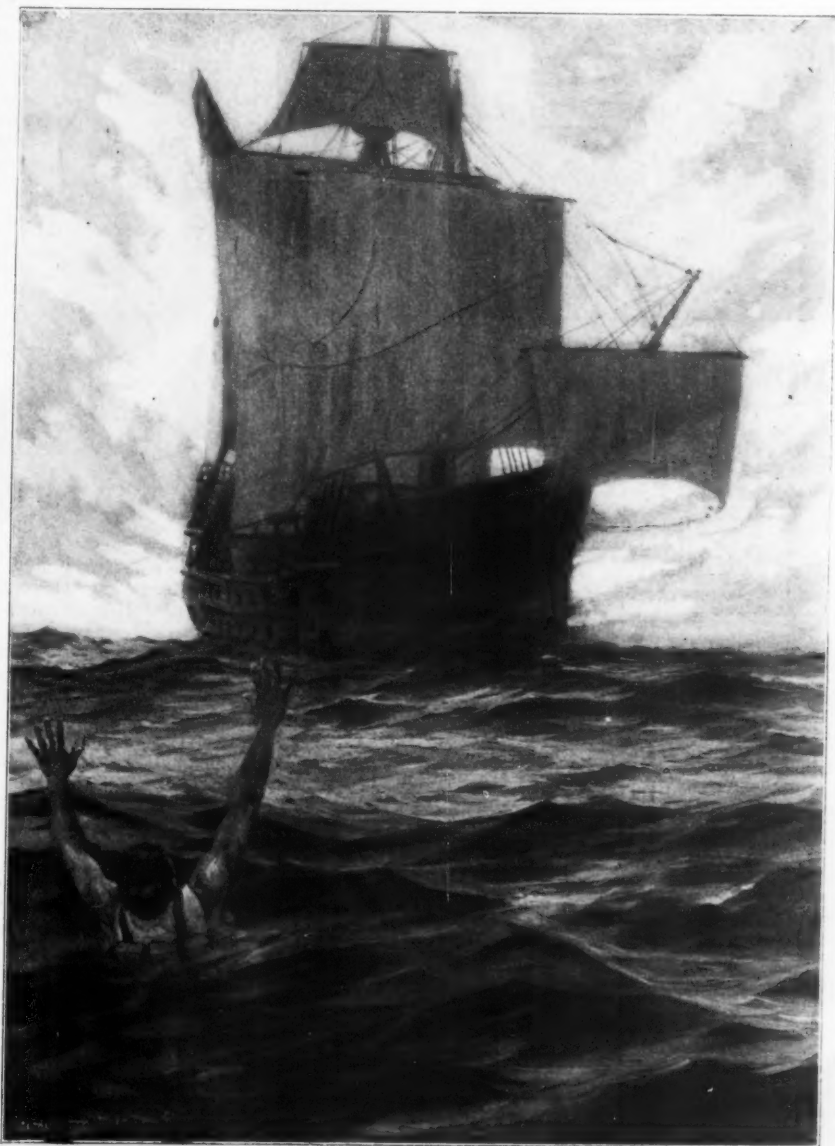
"Amen!" I said, smiling at his simplicity. "A witch with a broken head. But what say you I am?"

"I? How can I say? I saw you come out from the sea—this sea where we have lain so long becalmed I think our ship must have rotted a hole into the water. . . . how shall I say what a man may be who comes over such a sea? Yet you do not look evil—and my sister—*Estrella* here—she will have it that I sit by your side to watch over your needs."

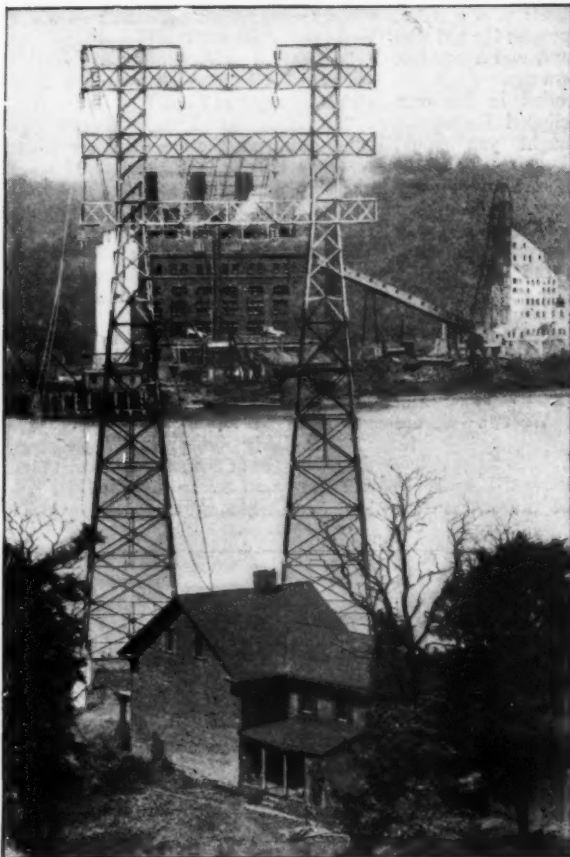
"But all this talk is foolery!" I cried. "I am naught but a poor scullion who has come into evil days. It is true that I have half lost my senses—yet I am no witch."

"Our Lady be praised!" he cried devoutly, yet at the same time turning a sidewise glance toward my life-belt.

(Concluded on page 681)



"There—where a moment before had been emptiness, loomed the great gray sails of a ship."



A HARNESS FOR TEN MILLION HORSES

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

A great steam-electric plant located at the mouth of a mine and, therefore, capable of producing motive energy at a very low cost. It is estimated that about \$511,000,000 will be saved by concerns using electricity in the "Superpower Zone" (shown on the map on the opposite page) if the Superpower Survey's recommendations are acted on.

promptly won the endorsement of the four great engineering societies, and later gained the enthusiastic support of that splendid American, the late Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior. It was Mr. Lane's advocacy of the proposition that was largely responsible for a Congressional appropriation of \$100,000 wherewith to carry out a survey within the contemplated zone. This investigation has now been completed, and its revelation of potential savings is, if anything, more startling than Mr. Murray's original prophecy.

After twelve months of intensive inquiry and study, in which the public utilities, the railroads, and our big industrial enterprises aided generously, the Superpower Survey Report shows us how we can decidedly amplify the motive power within the area in question, accomplish radical improvement in our heavy traction railroads, and speed up industry while saving annually the very tidy sum of \$511,000,000.

Not only that, but we are positively assured that at the same time we can cut the yearly coal consumption in this section by substantially 50,000,000 tons!

The Superpower scheme is really nothing more than a gigantic expansion of the central station idea, and is designed to do for the whole zone what the local electric power plant now does for a relatively small area.

To-day, as we all know, electricity heats the curling iron and just as successfully propels the trolley car; it energizes the vacuum cleaner,

it illumines the home, or it lights our thoroughfares after dark; it runs the printing presses, machine tools, and no end of other essential mechanisms; it is a prime aid in the model bakery and the up-to-date dairy and in the fabrication of a hairpin as well as great masses of high-grade steel. The consumer, with his wires tapping the public service electric lines, has only to throw a switch or to press a button to get the current to meet his particular needs—he does not have to concern himself about how the motive force is produced, but he expects the supply to be available whenever he wants it. Because all of the consumers do not use electricity at the same time or their requirements vary from hour to hour it is possible generally for the central station to satisfy its numerous patrons.

But there are periods in the twenty-four-hour day of a central station when most of its dynamos are running at full speed so that current enough may be provided to take care of what is known as the "peak load." This is the rush hour for the power house. And then the demand for electricity drops more or less abruptly, according to the nature of the town, until

MILLIONS more of horse power will be needed in the next few years to turn our industrial wheels, to actuate our railroads, and to bring to all of us those comforts and conveniences which are so typically American.

Our future success in world trade, our prosperity at home, depend upon its availability at relatively low cost.

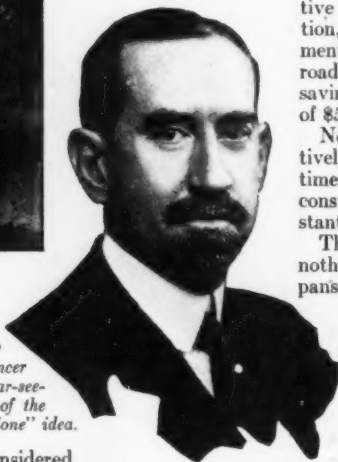
We have in the past succeeded in out-selling our competitors in foreign markets while still maintaining the standard of living enjoyed by our native workmen. This has been possible because the necessary motive power, obtained primarily from low-priced coal, was to be had whenever and wherever wanted.

But our favorable situation has changed: our rivals are doing their utmost to put their shops, mills, and factories within touch of an abundance of cheap operative energy. They are devising ways to utilize fuels of all grades more efficiently; and there is a tremendous movement abroad in favor of developing every water power resource that can be made accessible to the industrial fields. Such is the condition confronting us. What can we do to neutralize it so that we may retain that leadership which for decades has been ours?

William Spencer Murray, one of our foremost electrical engineers, answered this question more than eighteen months ago when he proposed the creation of what he termed a "Superpower Zone," to embrace a large section of the States along the northeast Atlantic seaboard.

UNDERWOOD

William Spencer Murray, the far-seeing proponent of the "Superpower Zone" idea.



The territory considered covers only about 2 per cent. of the total continental area of the United States, and yet within this region live quite 25,000,000 of our people. Here is concentrated approximately 80 per cent. of the nation's skilled labor! The average wage-earner within this industrial domain has at his command not less than four horse power. No wonder the mills and factories there produce 40 per cent. in value of our entire manufactures! It is plain why Mr. Murray saw fit to describe this intensely busy corner of our land as "America's Finishing Shop."

But this vast finishing shop, with its tens of thousands of plants and its complicated network of railroads, needs more power than heretofore. Hence Mr. Murray's suggestion of his Superpower scheme. The keynote of his project is "superutility," i.e., to supply electrical energy under the most favorable conditions.

In laying his plan before his fellow-engineers early last year, he estimated that through it 30,000,000 tons of coal could be saved annually as well as a combined reduction in other operating costs of \$300,000,000. Mr. Murray's figures were so convincing that he

there comes a span between midnight and the dawn of a new working day when the output of the generators is at low tide. In fact, for a considerable interval only a few of the machines are in motion.

It is this rise and fall in the consumption of current that is mainly responsible for the cost of electricity to the consumer, for the power company must provide its plant with dynamos enough to meet the peak load and to have, besides, a number of reserve machines always ready which can be brought into action in case of breakdown, and charge accordingly. There is no doubt that this charge could and would be a good deal lower if the central station could be kept going more nearly at its full capacity continuously night and day, and thus earn money with all its equipment.

Such, in brief, is the fundamental aim of the Superpower project. The man in the street will ask, "How will this be done?" And the answer is: "By linking up into a common system the best of the existing central stations located within the Superpower Zone."

The Superpower Survey Report tells us that there are now 315 electric public utility companies operating, for the most part independently, within the Zone, and these enterprises have in service 558 power plants. Well-nigh all of these establishments have more machines or generating capacity than necessary to meet the average demand, and this means a

multiplication of equipment which can be much reduced if the stations join hands, so to speak, and come to one another's aid as the need for current varies in different sections of the system. Please remember that the Superpower System will reach from Portland, Me., on the north, to the District of Columbia on the south, and extend from the seaboard inland to the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

Whenever any of the amalgamated power houses produced an excess or surplus of current, this energy would be turned into the far-flung network of wires and utilized wherever the call for electricity was greater than the local station could meet. Therefore, the periods of idleness of the dynamos would be much shortened; and 218 efficient plants, interconnected, would be able to take care of nearly twice the annual "load" now carried by the generally unrelated 558 electric public utility stations. Simple arithmetic will show that a consolidation of this sort would cut down immensely the costs for fuel, labor, and upkeep.

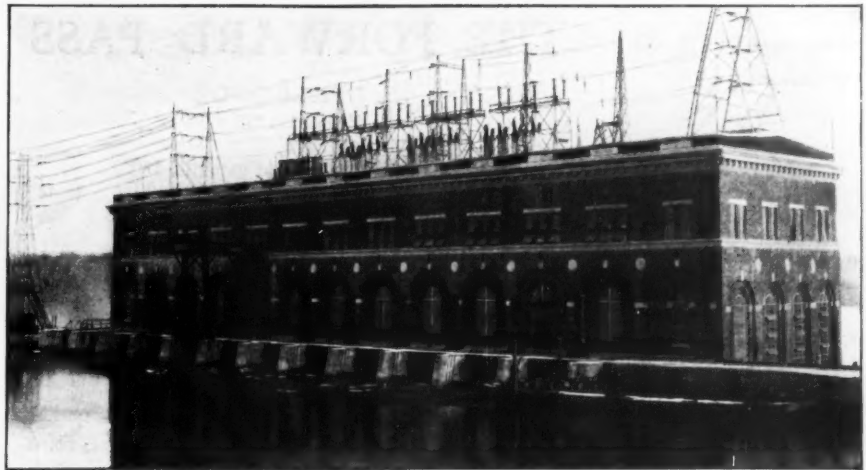
And now let us touch upon another angle of this heartening project. Taking them by and far, the steam-electric plants of the public utilities within the Superpower Zone burn on an average 2.73 pounds of coal each hour in generating an electrical horsepower; but the consumption of fuel for the same service in the more efficient stations—those which would become units of the Superpower System, is 2.5 pounds. To the layman a difference of

.23 of a pound of coal may seem comparatively trifling, but when this is multiplied by billions of hours of electrical horse power the result becomes an imposing aggregate of millions of tons of fuel saved. By 1930 we shall need more than two and a half times the energy now supplied in the course of a year by our electric public utilities; and this explains how reliance upon interlinked and highly efficient stations can bring about an annual reduction in coal consumption of 19,149,000 tons.

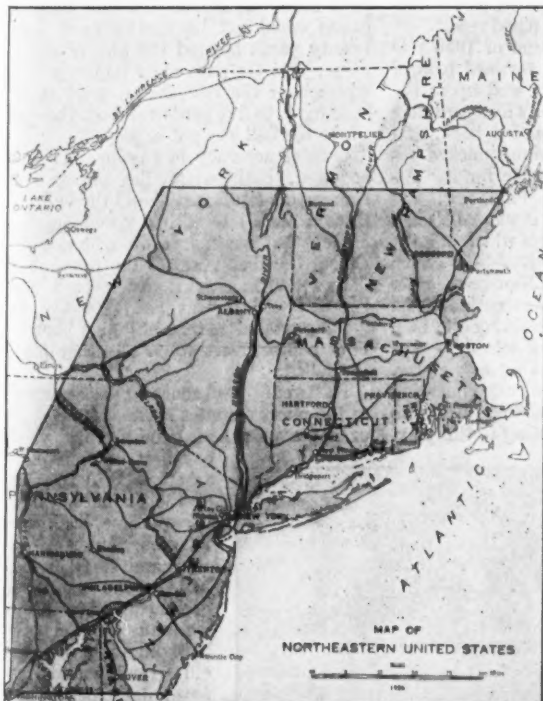
The purpose of the Superpower Zone, however, is not to depend entirely upon the regular public utility central stations but to create, as circumstances dictate, a number of master stations of exceptional size. According to the program outlined in the Superpower Survey Report, there would be eighteen of these nine years hence, and some of them would be placed in the anthracite region in Pennsylvania, close to the mines, while others would be erected at strategic points permitting the delivery of fuel by the most direct rail or water routes. And wherever situated these so-called "base-load" plants would have continually on hand not less than a six-months' supply of coal. The object of this is threefold: to guard against any interruption of service due to lack of fuel; to allow for the purchase of coal at the lowest market price; and, by instituting a more uniform demand for coal, to aid materially in stabilizing the mining and the transportation industries.

We are told that these master steam-electric power houses would be able to turn out hourly an electrical horse power for every 1.41 pounds of coal burned! In other words, because of their greatly increased efficiency, these new stations would be about 44 per cent. more economical in the matter of fuel alone than the best of the existing steam-electric public utility plants. The intention is to equip these master stations with dynamos of 30,000 electrical horse power; and the biggest of the plants would have as many as twelve of these enormous generators.

The base-load stations would deliver current at the tremendous pressure of 220,000 volts to the electric public utility
(Continued on page 674)



A 113,000 horse power hydro-electric plant which is capable of developing an enormous amount of power with only six men in attendance at a shift.



The yearly coal consumption in the shaded area on this map will be cut substantially 30,000,000 tons if the interesting Superpower scheme is ultimately put into effect.



UNDLERWOOD

George Gipp, of Notre Dame, who was an ideal handler of the forward pass.

MANY changes have been made in the American game of football since it was first played in 1869, but no play has changed the game as much as the forward pass, and after fifteen years there is no doubt that it is in the game to stay.

There were many doubts and misgivings as to what the game of football would be like when the season of 1906 started, which was the first year of the forward pass. Other important changes in the rules took place that season, the chief of which was the distance of ten yards instead of five to be gained in four downs. How was double the distance to be gained consistently, in view of the fact that heretofore no offense had been perfected which would steadily advance the length of the field when only a gain of five yards had been necessary to retain possession of the ball?

Of course, it was necessary to weaken the defense; to make the rush line bear the brunt of the attack, unsupported by the three backs in close proximity to the line, which virtually formed a second line of defense. By devising a play to keep the defensive backs from creeping up to the line, the attack would be given more of a chance to get started, both around the ends and through the line. Open play would be the result; the monotony of mass play would be done away with, to say nothing of the bruising effect of twenty-two men continually pounding each other, and the many serious accidents happening every year. The forward pass was hailed as that play and, as far as it was allowed to go, tended to open up the game. But there were too many restrictions surrounding it; it was made too difficult to execute; it had to be thrown over the line of scrimmage five yards to either side of the place from which the ball was put in play. The penalty was the loss of the ball, and it was extremely hard for the officials to decide whether a ball flying in mid-air went as much as five yards from the center.



Trimble, of Princeton, throwing a forward pass to Strubing, who is near the official.

THE FORWARD PASS

By NEILSON POE
Princeton '97

In the Princeton-Yale game of 1906, Princeton gained considerable ground by forward passing, and near the end of the game Fred Tibbott, who had been a star performer throughout the game in the rôle of a double threat, the running and passing end of the game, shot a long forward pass from the center of the field to Wister, who received it on Yale's twenty-five-yard line. The game was tied, 0-0, and it looked as though that pass would lead to the only score of the day. But the referee called the ball back and gave it to Yale at the place from which it was put in play and ruled that it had not crossed the line of scrimmage five yards from the center.

This ruling was instrumental in removing one restriction from the forward pass, namely, that the ball had to cross the line of scrimmage five yards from the center, as this requirement left too much to the judgment of the official, since in many cases he was unable to decide accurately.

The play acted as a boomerang in too many instances, and the teams were consequently unwilling to take chances with it, except in desperate situations. Still, it had opened up the defense, and the possibilities of the aerial attack were recognized, provided the severe penalties and restrictions were removed, or made less severe.

Long forward passes well down the field with the hope of getting more men in a certain area than the defending team could assemble in the same area—this was the pass commonly used then, and a free-for-all scramble was the usual result.

The Harvard-Yale game of 1906 was won by Yale on a long forward pass of thirty-five yards, thrown well up in the air by Veeder, to Harvard's five-yard line where both Yale ends and a back, and several Harvard men, were bunched together, waiting to scramble for it. Alcott, the Yale end, jumped high for it and managed to catch it, and it was Yale's ball on the five-yard line, from which point it was carried over the goal-line. Such passes were of the hit-or-miss order without much accuracy in execution and no protection to the man receiving the ball, and bumping or running into him was the favorite way of breaking up the play.

After a year or two of experimenting with the forward pass, changes began to be made in the rules relating to this play.



Buell, of Harvard, about to "shoot."

INTERNATIONAL

The safeguarding and protection of a player about to receive a pass came up for consideration and a heavy penalty is now imposed for deliberately jumping into a player who is in a position to receive the pass, except in a *bona fide* attempt to intercept the pass. Accuracy was also sought, and in order to do away with the scramble for the ball after a long pass, a twenty-yard zone was established and forward passes could not be thrown more than twenty yards beyond the line of scrimmage; also the pass could be made anywhere over the rush line instead of restricting it to five yards out from the spot where the ball was put in play.

Greater accuracy in passing was soon acquired, both while the player was running or standing still, and the ball was thrown on a line with a speed and accuracy that was never thought possible during the first years of the pass. The danger of having it intercepted was lessened and it was used steadily for gaining ground instead of falling back on it as a last resort when all other plays had failed.

The twenty-yard zone was discontinued, as too many disputes arose as to whether or not a pass had gone twenty yards or more; in many cases an official had to guess at the distance. Long passes came back into the game, but the accuracy and speed, which had in the meantime been acquired in throwing and handling the ball, did away with the old scramble and free-for-all fight for the ball that occurred in the first few years of the forward pass.

Criticism of the play



UNDERWOOD
Benny Boynton, the
cleverest
quarter ever
produced by
Williams.

is so necessary in a well-rounded team—a combination of the kicking, running and passing game.

In the early eighties a player had the possibilities of a dual threat, to kick or to run, when he went back in the kicker's position. Now a third and more dangerous threat has been added, with the coming of the forward pass. Every coach is looking for a back that possesses those three qualifications and a team without "The Triple Threat" is at a disadvantage when playing against an opponent of equal strength, but which has a back highly developed in the art of kicking, running and passing. That man must be watched constantly, and the threat is just as valuable as the performance, for while watching the dangerous man, other backs who have escaped the close attention given the star performer find it easier to get away, and plays worked up around these men are even surer of gaining ground than those around "The Triple Threat."

One of the most dramatic incidents of a game, illustrating the possibilities of getting a man loose when a team is closely watching a star, occurred near the end of the Harvard Yale game in 1914. Brickley, who was captain of the Harvard team, but who had been prevented from playing on account of an operation for appendicitis, which he had undergone earlier in the season, went into the game when the score was 29-0 in favor of Harvard. The ball was in Harvard's possession on Yale's fifteen yard line, with only a few minutes left to play. It was Brickley's last game for Harvard, and the stage was set for a spectacular climax of the football career of this phenomenal drop-kicker. He stood directly in front of the goal in an attitude of readiness to perform his specialty. Of course the Yale team, and the whole crowd, anticipated nothing but the obvious play—a goal from the field. But the Harvard quarterback clearly out-guessed the Yale team and shot Eddie Mahan through the line for a gain of eleven yards. Harvard still needed four yards to go for that final touchdown. Again Brickley dropped back and this time King, another halfback, carried the ball to the one-yard line. On the next play Mahan scored, but Harvard was penalized for holding and the ball was put back on the fifteen-yard line. This time a forward pass from Mahan to Coolidge was successfully completed for a gain of ten yards. With one more down and five yards to go, Brickley again dropped back, as though to drop kick, and again

Mahan completed a forward pass to Hardwick for the final touchdown of the game. Yale could not take their attention from Brickley and for five successive plays Harvard succeeded in completing three plays through the line for a touchdown, that was not allowed, and then changed their offensive tactics to the aerial game in order to gain the necessary distance to the goal line.

For the two following years Mahan stood out as the greatest "Triple Threat" in football, and was the most dangerous man on the gridiron. With the three qualifications of the "Triple Threat" highly developed, he was also an accurate drop-kicker, and no team ever felt safe when Harvard had the ball within striking distance of their goal line.

Eddie Casey followed Mahan at Harvard and this marvelous back, while not possessing the ability to kick, was equally as skillful in the forward passing game, both on the throwing and receiving end of it.

Strubing and Trimble of Princeton played this open game to perfection and along with the forward passing game, developed the lateral pass which scored the first touchdown against Harvard in 1919, from their fifteen-yard line, after an advance of seventy-five yards on open plays.

This season Lourie of Princeton stands in the limelight as the "Triple Threat," and there can be no set defense against the versatility of his play. He will be found in every open play that Princeton sets in motion, sometimes at the ignition point and sometimes after the play is well started on its way.

McMillan of Center was again seen in the East, when Center and Harvard recently clashed in the Harvard Stadium. His spectacular playing in the corresponding game last year marked him as one of the great open-field players of the game.

The open game has made possible the thrilling plays of these quick, fast-thinking backs, and the popularity of the modern game over the old mass play is only too eloquently proven by the enormous crowds that witness the early season

(Concluded on page 682)



UNDERWOOD
McMillan, Center College's marvelous forward-passer who has done much to make the "Praying Parsons" famous in gridiron circles.

has never ceased, and each year the football rules committee has to deal with more suggestions concerning this play than are offered with regard to all the other rules of the games.

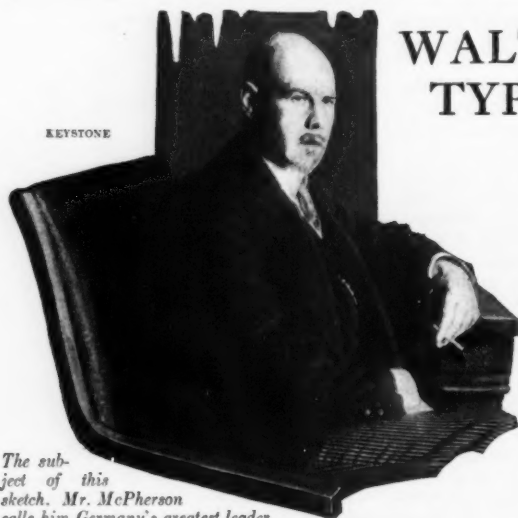
Percy Haughton of Harvard made a suggestion that a forward pass blocked behind the line of scrimmage should be anybody's ball and should be considered the same as a blocked kick. He won many over to his way of thinking, for this is a suggestion that has great merit, but the committee was unwilling to change the rule. Emphasis has been laid on the encouragement of the pass, and penalties for an incompleting pass have been made as light as possible, in most cases only the loss of a down.

A blocked pass might certainly be considered in the same category with a blocked kick and the side blocking it given the same opportunity to recover it as is now and always has been allowed on a blocked kick. Certainly a man throwing a ball should get it off quicker and more accurately than it is possible to do on a punt or a drop kick, for although important games are sometimes lost and won by the blocking of a kick, it is not a common occurrence and a blocked pass should be even less so.

The forward pass has done too much for the game to have restrictions and severe penalties placed around it. It has opened it up. It has made ground gaining easier. It has struck an even balance between the offense and defense, and it has developed that scheme of attack which



The Harvard rush line is through in a desperate attempt to block a long forward pass thrown by Trimble in the Harvard-Princeton game of 1919.



The subject of this sketch, Mr. McPherson calls him Germany's greatest leader.

WALTER RATHENAU—A NEW TYPE OF GERMAN LEADER

By WILLIAM L. MCPHERSON

THE most notable political thinker and leader in Germany to-day is Dr. Walter Rathenau. Americans know little about him. His rival, Hugo Stinnes, war-profitier and multi-billionaire, with his uncouth personality and his spectacular financial exploitations, makes better copy for the newspapers. Stinnes and Rathenau are captains of industry whom a national urgency has drafted into politics. They tower above the Eberts, the Erzbergers and the Fehrenbachs who have been trying to make the new republic, except for a few surface concessions to democracy, a replica of the old monarchy. The latter aren't yet convinced that the old Prussianism is dead. They adhere to its methods and sympathize with its spirit. To them the Germany of 1921, save for the expulsion of the ruling houses and the economic prostration following the war, is little different from the Germany of 1914.

EBERT reviewed the troops which had retreated from Belgium and France and told them that they had never been defeated. Fehrenbach and Simons defied the Allied Council at the London reparations conference last February. These men, like the Junkers and the military caste, speak for an unrepentant Germany.

Stinnes, too, was willing to run amuck at the Spa conference. He successfully beat down the Allied demands for German coal. He condemned Simons for offering Lloyd George and Briand too much at London. He and his People's Party followers in the Reichstag voted against accepting the Allied ultimatum, presenting the findings of the Reparation Commission. Yet he and Rathenau both know that the Germany of 1914 is a thing beyond resurrection.

Both have plans for a new Germany. Stinnes, though still a reactionary in politics and not unfriendly even to a monarchical restoration, has nevertheless soured on militarism and Pan-Germanism. He wants to reorganize Germany economically and to encourage her to conquer the world, not by arms or diplomacy, but by superiority in collective production. Any new autocracy in the Reich,

far outstripping the rest of the world in economic efficiency.

Rathenau also holds that Germany become a collective industrial state, in which there will be no room for militaristic or imperialistic "side shows." But he goes much further than Stinnes does. He believes that the old order was inherently vicious and injurious, that it strangled Germany's political development, corrupted and perverted the German people and doomed them to isolation and humiliation. From his point of view the collapse of the monarchy was not an unmixed calamity. Deliverance came from without. It had to come from without, as Rathenau admits, because of the average German's political immaturity and docility. He wrote recently:

"It was not we who liberated ourselves, it was the enemy who liberated us. It was our destruction that set us free. On the day before we asked for an armistice, even on the day before the flight of the Kaiser, a plebiscite would have yielded an overwhelming majority for the monarchy and against Socialism. What I so often said before the war came true: 'He who trains his children with the rod learns only through the rod.'"

But however it came, and at whatever cost, the liberation of Germany is, in Dr. Rathenau's opinion, something to be unreservedly thankful for.

Rathenau is, in fact, a regenerate German and sincere in his wish to see Germany regenerated. If he had not been an unusual man, he would have gone with the crowd of industrials and intellectuals who fawned on the Kaiser and extolled his policies. He had himself a big stake in the old régime. Born to wealth and refinement, he found the way to success made easy for him. His father, Emil Rathenau, founded The Allgemeine Electricitäts-Gesellschaft—the General Electric Company of Germany, perhaps the largest concern of its kind in the world. The son studied chemistry, and physics under Helmholtz, went into electrical engineering, obtained patents for many valuable inventions in electrical transmission, built various electrical plants and finally succeeded his father as the head of the A. E. G.

No man stood higher than he in the

world of Big Business under the monarchy. But he was never enmeshed in the crass materialism of that day. When he left school he found it hard to decide whether to become a scientist or an artist. He has always been what the Germans call an *Ideenmensch*, something of a cross between our terms "idealist" and "man of culture." He has the artist's detachment and independence of spirit. Though a scientist and a man of large affairs, he has found time to produce books, pamphlets, essays and newspaper articles, all showing fertility of thought and unusual vivacity of style. He is the "best seller" among German writers on politics, economics and sociological topics.

His enemies call him a "parlor Socialist." He is not an orthodox Marxian and holds Marxism to be sterile and unworkable. Yet he sees Germany committed to some form of socialistic experiment, through which the proletariat will try hard to reach the goal of emancipation from the excessive grind of what he calls "mechanical labor."

RATHENAU faces this problem candidly. He says in "The New Society," one of his latest books:

"Mechanical labor is an evil in itself and it is one which we can never get rid of by any conceivable economic or social transformation. . . . The bringing of Mind into the masses, the cultured state, which is the only possible foundation of a society worthy of humanity, must remain unattainable until everything conceivable has been thought out and done to alleviate the mischievous operation of this evil, which dulls and stupefies the human spirit and which, in itself, is ineradicable. No Soviet policy, no socialization, no property policy, no popular education can go to the heart of the problem. Instead, we must establish and put into practice the principle which I have called the Interchange of Labor. This principle demands—since mind cannot be brought into mechanical work beyond a certain degree fixed by technical conditions—that the day's work as a whole shall have a share of it by means of the association of mental and mechanical employment. Until this principle shall have been carried into effect all true culture of the people remains impossible. So long as there is no culture of the people, so long must culture remain a monopoly of the classes and of escapes from the masses; so long must society be wanting in equilibrium, a union open to breach from every side, and one which, however highly its social institutions may be developed, holds down the people to forced labor and destroys culture."

Rathenau concedes that in the United States, with its freedom from fixed class barriers and its high average of well-being, the day's work can have mind

brought into it along capitalistic lines. But for Germany he sees no solution but an acceleration of the processes of the present political and social revolution.

The relation of this leader of German thought to old-fashioned Prussianism is thus clearly suggested. He is an irreconcilable so far as the old Junker order is concerned. And he has never concealed his opinions. In one of his books, "The General Staff and its Work," Ludendorff classifies him with the "defeatists" who brought about the Revolution and "gave the German army its death blow in its struggle with the enemy." That is because, according to Ludendorff, Rathenau said in 1914: "The moment will never come in which the Kaiser, as conqueror of the world, will ride with his paladins through the Brandenburg Gate on white horses. On that day world history would have gone mad."

Holding this view, Rathenau, with a few others, opposed the 1914 plunge into war. After the invasion of Belgium he consented to go to Antwerp to requisition raw materials stored in the warehouses there. But he insisted that the claims of the Belgian owners should be fully recognized. He condemned the destruction of Belgian private property and the deportation of Belgian workers to Germany. He remonstrated, in company with Ballin, former president of the Hamburg-America Steamship line, against unrestricted submarine warfare. He wanted Germany to fight fair. But these activities only brought him into deep disfavor with the Kaiser. Ballin weakened and committed suicide. Rathenau lived to see his protests justified.

What is his main indictment of Kaiserism? It is that it ignorantly and blatantly led Germany from her true path. Rathenau is one of these rare Germans to realize, as Dr. Wilhelm Muhlton did, that Germany was absolutely unfitted to aspire to world power and leadership. First of all, she wasn't a nation in the real sense of the word. Says this clear-eyed critic: "We are not even yet a nation, but an association of interests and oppositions; a German Irredenta, as it has been and unfortunately will be shown, is an impossible conception. And since we are not a nation and represent no national idea, but only an association of households, it follows that our influence abroad can be only commercial, and not civilizing and propagandist." Again he writes (also in "The New Society"):

"We are not competent to form an ideal of civilization, for the sense of unity, will to leadership and formative energy are lacking in us. We have no political mission for the arrangement of other people's affairs, for we cannot arrange our own. We do not lead a full life and are politically unripe."

Rathenau thinks that Germany's redemption lies in turning back from the vulgar Chauvinism and materialism of William II's reign to the ideals of a century ago. "We must reunite ourselves with the days before we ceased to be Germans and became Berliners."

Few critics have shown clearly as Rathenau has the philosophical absurdity of the Pan-German dream and of the bid of the German military caste for world domination. But now that that rash bid has failed he has been called in to

"We Germans are engaged by our signature. We shall keep our word. We shall go to the extreme limit of our ability to honor our signature at the bottom of the treaty, whose obligatory character we recognize, even if it doesn't correspond with our desires."

This is a startling departure from the Bethmann-Hollweg theory of the non-sanctity of treaties, so brutally avowed when the German General Staff thought it advisable to invade Belgium. Most Germans still defend Bethmann-Hollweg.

Rathenau doesn't; nor will he ever be taken to take the old Prussian politico-military code of honor for a standard.

As a business man and as a student of economics Rathenau sees that the reparations problem doesn't concern France and Germany alone. It is a European problem. The economic unity of the European continent must be restored, in the interest of Germany, no less than in the interests of the other continental nations. This also is a conception still beyond the grasp of the average German politician.

Being a man of affairs and a technician, not a politician, Rathenau has invited French co-operation in the work of war reconstruction. He sought an interview at Wiesbaden last June with M. Loucheur, the French Minister for the devastated regions. Loucheur occupies in France a position similar in many respects to Rathenau's in Germany. He is a captain of industry, who looks on the reconstruction problem as one which has now passed from the field of politics into the field of business administration.

The Wiesbaden conference was a success, because two practical men, each with the same end in view, met and compared notes intelligently and without gestures for the benefit of the gallery. Rathenau went back to Berlin and reported to the Economic Council of the Reich that he has been rejoiced to meet in M. Loucheur a man determined to discuss large questions without passion or prejudice. If Germany admits her intention to pay, how can she best pay becomes a matter for examination by experts, not for acrimonious debate in parliamentary bodies.

Rathenau and Loucheur signed on August 28 last an agreement completely covering the details of reparation payments and modifying the Versailles Treaty in many respects.

It is a piece of good fortune for both countries that ministers of this caliber are to direct the work of reconstruction. It is an invaluable asset for Germany at this juncture that she can command the services of a leader as high-minded and enlightened as Dr. Rathenau, who is none the less a German patriot for being a broad-gauged European.



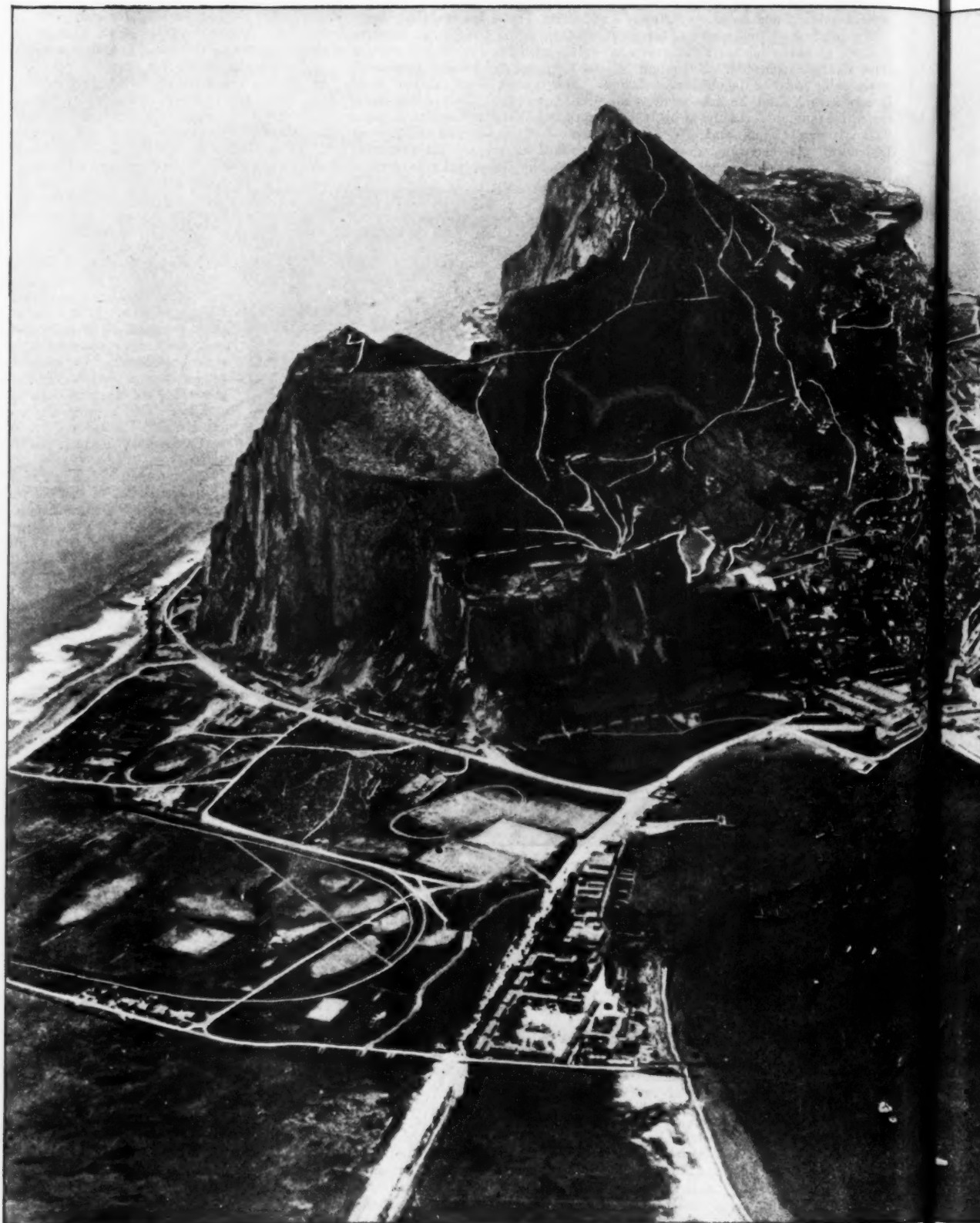
PAUL THOMPSON

This man—Walter Rathenau, the head of the great General Electric Company of Germany—had the temerity to say in 1914: "The moment will never come in which the Kaiser, as conqueror of the world, will ride with his paladins through the Brandenburg Gate on white horses. On that day world history would have gone mad." He believes that the old order was inherently vicious and injurious, that it strangled Germany's political development and corrupted the German people.

help square the debit account of a system which he never believed in. In the Wirth Cabinet he has accepted the onerous post of Minister of Reconstruction, a department created to deal with Germany's reparation obligations in Northern France. He has brought into that office a spirit long absent from German politics. It is the spirit of honor—business honor, of a type very different from the honor that is talked of among politicians. "I am a business man," Dr. Rathenau recently told some French journalists at Wiesbaden. "A signature to an agreement means everything to me."

Moreover, he had the courage to say at a meeting of the German Press Congress at Hamburg on July 4 last:

GIBRALTAR—A REMARKABLE AERIAL VIEW



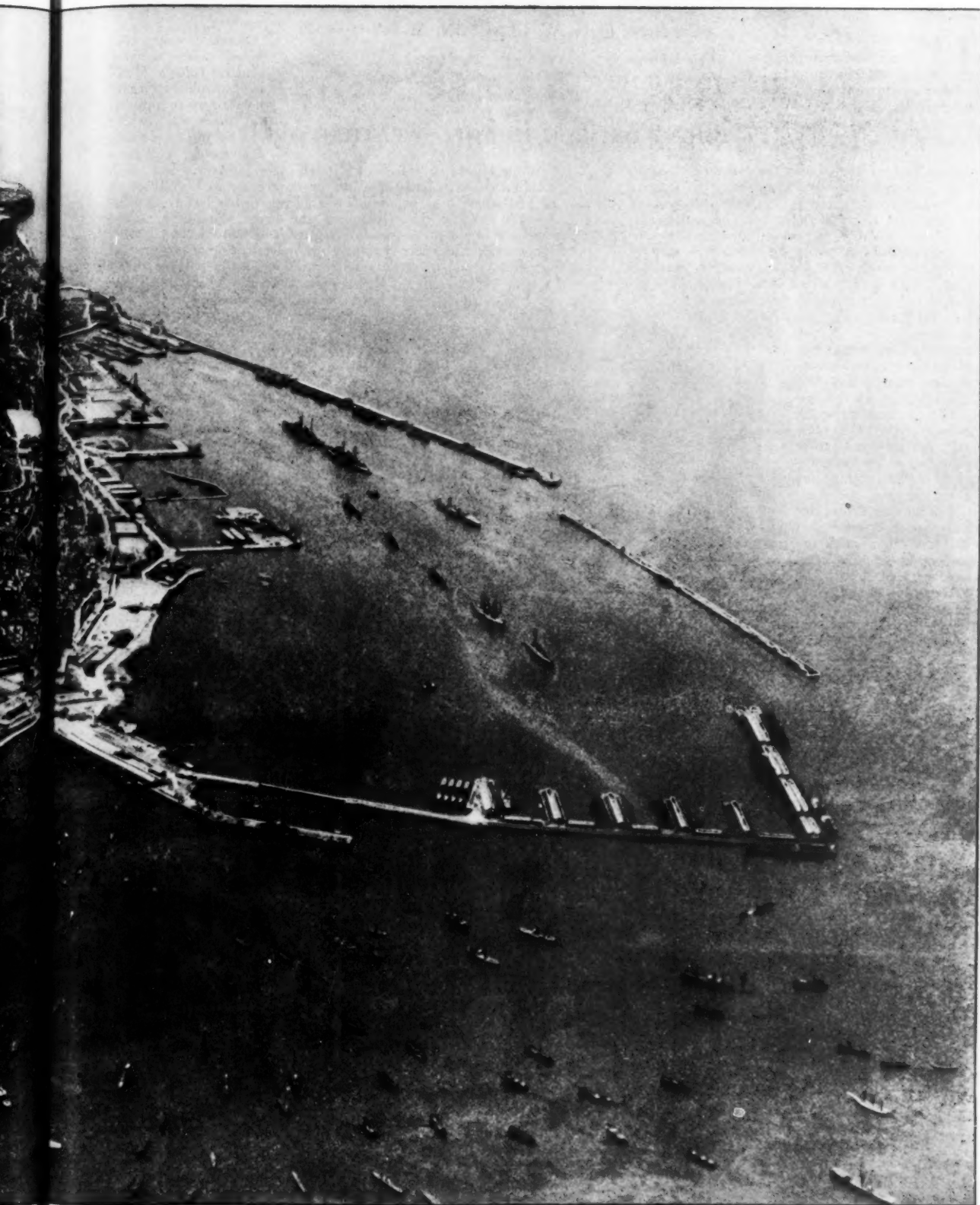
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

THIS snapshot is regarded by those photographers who have seen it as the most remarkable picture of its kind ever taken. It is of particular interest to-day owing to the opening of the Armament Conference in Washington, which is focusing the eyes of the world upon the military "strong points" of the

various nations. Dreamers who believe that "The Rock" (Gibraltar) and various other powerful fortifications scattered over the earth will be dismantled as a result of the proceedings in our capital are in danger of disappointment. Gibraltar has cost Great Britain millions of dollars and a vast amount of energy.

is consid
On Ju
forces und
Treaty of

VIEW OF BRITAIN'S FAMOUS FORTRESS



is considered as essential to her well-being to-day as our fleet is to ours. On July 24, 1704, "the Key to the Mediterranean" was captured by British forces under Sir George Rooke, and it was ceded to Great Britain in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. It stands opposite the Spanish town of Algeciras, six miles

distant. Gibraltar and Abyla (the Sierra Bullones near Ceuta, Morocco, in the direction of which the air man was looking when he made this picture) are the "Pillars of Hercules," regarded by the ancients as the limit of navigation. A gripping poem—"The Pillars of Hercules," by Leon D'Emo, appears on page 677.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

EFFICIENT DRIVING IN COLD WEATHER

H EAT is the basis of all motion. As we have pointed out in a previous article, even the power developed by Niagara Falls is directly dependent upon the sun's rays which absorb the moisture from our oceans and other large bodies of water and return it to the higher level of the Great Lakes in the form of rain. It is this accumulated rain drawn up by the sun and forced down by the power of gravity which gives millions of horsepower in one fall alone. The human body is a machine which depends upon heat for its motion and we cannot walk across the street without requiring the generation of additional heat through increased heart action and blood circulation.

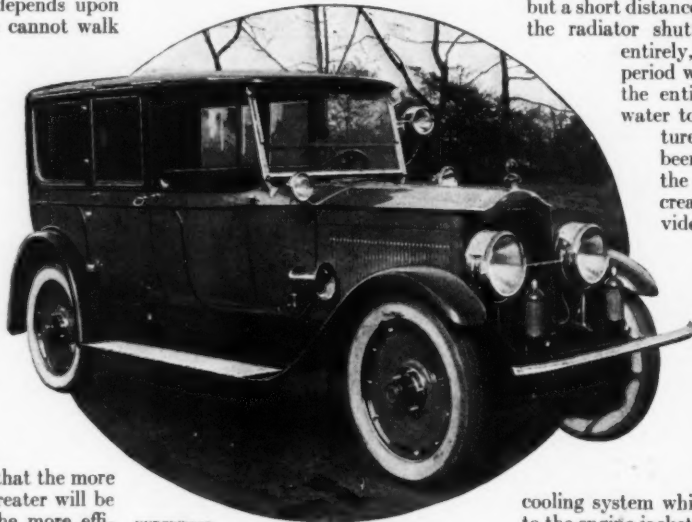
The gasoline engine, or more correctly, the internal combustion power plant, is, as its name directly implies, nothing but a heat engine. Combustion or burning takes place within each cylinder and it is the explosion of the gases due to this rapid burning that forces the pistons down and communicates mechanical motion to the crank shaft and wheels of the car.

It would seem, therefore, that the more this heat is conserved the greater will be the power developed and the more efficient the manner in which the fuel is consumed. This is true to a certain extent, but limitations determined by the ability of metals to withstand heat and their unequal expanding action under high temperatures makes it necessary to dispose of the excessive heat ranges. Nevertheless an engine can be cooled too excessively so that its efficiency may be but half of that obtained from a motor operating under proper conditions.

We obtain more satisfactory and more economical operation from our cars in the summer time and longer life from our batteries, solely because the amount of heat distributed to the necessary cooling medium is not as great as is the case when the cold air of winter passes through the radiating surface. Could means be developed for maintaining the temperature of the interior of the cylinders and of the air surrounding the gasoline supply and carbureting systems at the same temperature throughout the year, we would have no more difficulty with winter operation than is found in summer. Many cars are now designed with some automatic means for partially maintaining this constant temperature, but the driver himself can do much to assist in this direction.

Inasmuch as a large portion of the heat of an automobile engine of the water-cooled type is lost through the radiator, some means of covering the radiator to prevent the passage of a maximum amount of air will serve to reduce the

cooling effect. Thus, radiator covers which may be adjusted for different temperatures of the air and which may be made to inclose the entire radiator when the car is standing still are almost necessary on some cars not provided with other means of heat conservation.



UNDERWOOD

An absolutely bullet-proof limousine. It was built especially for Tsan Tao-Lin, Governor-General of Manchuria, who does not relish the idea of being suddenly removed from this vale of tears by the bullets of radicals. More than twenty different woods were used in the interior of the moving fort.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why 185 cubic inches and 122 cubic inches have been chosen as the limit of piston displacement or engine sizes of the racers entered in the Indianapolis and other speedway contests?

2. What is the principle of the Ansted engine? Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT.

1. What is the difference between a babbit and a bronze bearing?

Babbit metal is a softer alloy than is bronze and has a lower melting point. Consequently, if for any reason such as lack of lubrication, excessive speed and the like, a babbit bearing should become hot it will quickly melt and avoid damage to the remainder of the mechanism. A bronze bearing when it becomes too hot, will not melt but will expand and "seize" or chip off.

2. What is the difference between a three and four-point suspension in an automobile power plant.

As the name indicates, the engine, clutch, and transmission, forming the moderate type of "unit" power plant of an automobile, may be mounted on three or four points in the frame of the car. In the three-point suspension the power plant rests on two points forward and on one under the transmission. This enables the power plant to adjust itself automatically to any distorted position which the frame may take when passing over rough or uneven roads. The four-point suspension provides for the support of the motor or power plant on four points, in which case additional universal joints are provided to take care of the distortion due to frame "weaving."

Some cars are provided with radiator shutters capable of being controlled either by hand or by an automatic thermostat which can be set to regulate the amount of air passing through the radiator. But such shutters or covers, as well as those in which the adjustment is left at the discretion of the driver, should be used in connection with a motometer or other temperature indicating device to prevent undue restriction to the passage of air through the radiator. A car which is run but a short distance may be operated with the radiator shutters or covers closed entirely, for an appreciable period will be required to heat the entire amount of cooling water to an efficient temperature.

After this point has been reached, however, the air area should be increased in order to provide adequate cooling surface if the operation of the car is to be continued, otherwise the water will boil away as rapidly as is the case under the most adverse summer conditions.

Some cars are provided with a thermostat in the water cooling system which restricts the water to the engine jackets until its temperature has reached an efficient point, at which time the valve is automatically opened and the water is forced through the cooling medium of the radiator. Such a device, however, will not serve to retain the heat of the cooling water when the outside air is at a lower temperature. Consequently, a robe, blanket or a padded cover used over the entire engine bonnet and radiator shell is necessary if easy starting and high gasoline economy are desired at the end of a standstill of several hours.

Such precautions should be in addition to the proper use of the choking and pre-heating devices which attempt to secure the rich mixture necessary for starting a cold engine on a cold day. Present-day grades of gasoline do not easily vaporize unless a sufficient amount of heat is present. For this reason, an excessively rich mixture is required when starting in order that some of it will retain its vapor-like form and reach the cylinders. The remainder will recondense and either flow back through the manifold or leak past the piston rings and finally reach the oil in the crank case. Gasoline is an enemy of lubrication and for this reason the crank case oil should be changed more frequently in winter than in summer.

If a car is kept in a heated garage no difficulty will be experienced in winter starting, for the interior of the cylinders and the cooling water will be kept at

(Concluded on page 682)

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL



GUMMING UP THE SYSTEM

THE makers of a new chewing gum advertise that it will aid appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat. The weak spot in chewing gum appeal is the confinement of gum to the mouth of the chewer. The big day will come when Science, or somebody, perfects a gum which one may swallow, not by accident, but intentionally and with rejoicing: a gum which having created an appetite, polished the teeth and moistened the throat, will proceed southward through the system, healing as it goes like the Good Samaritan, allaying inflammation of the lungs, strengthening the heart, inspiring the liver to its best endeavors, and ultimately making a neat job on the lining of the stomach and intestines, re-enforcing them like plaster over laths, and sticking on the job. The fault of chewing gum makers is that they do not claim enough for their product. Nothing venture, nothing have. Polish our teeth? Tut! Why not a chewing gum which shall polish our shoes?

Professor Mainaige, a French authority on things prehistoric, says that the religion of paleolithic man was much like that of man to-day. If you're looking for a test of the imagination, try to imagine a prehistoric Billy Sunday.

A WAY OUT AT LAST

THERE is light ahead. Figures given out by the Prohibition authorities show that the return in fines and penalties for dry law violations has been nearly ten times the cost of enforcement. This means that Prohibition enforcement made a profit for the Government of at least 900 per cent., which is cheering news indeed, for here may lie the solution of all the Government's money troubles. If enough people can be persuaded to violate the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, the return in fines and penalties may in time make possible the reduction in taxes which the country so anxiously awaits. Law-breaking may even become a test of patriotism; no man being accounted a good citizen who has not "done his bit" with a bootlegger.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

It has been definitely decreed that skirts are to be long.—*Fashion's Latest Word.*

*A maid there was in our town
And she grew wondrous wise.*

*"My legs," quoth she,
"Have ceased to be
The cynosure of eyes."*

*And when she found that legs were "out,"
With all her might and main,
She donned a skirt
That scraped the dirt,
And brought legs "in" again.*

*Whenever we get sort of down as to
England's internal troubles, it cheers us a
lot to open a London illustrated periodical
and see King George in kilts in company
with the Mackintosh of Mackintosh.*

NATIONS vie with one another in bestowing honors upon "the unknown soldiers" of the late war. Kings drop wreaths upon the unknown's tomb, and legislative bodies vote crosses and medals. Anybody who expressed solicitude for "the unknown soldiers" of the next war would be scorned as a pacifist.

"I DON'T suppose they'd stop eating if they knew there was a ton of dynamite in the cellar," said a fire chief with reference to the patrons of a burning restaurant. It may be readily explained. After his experience with cabarets, the hardened diner-out figures that he can sit through anything.

PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW

IN BOSTON—yes, we said Boston—embroidered stockings for the waitresses at a lawn party were charged up in the expense account as "decorations." And why not? Nothing, we venture to say, could have been more decorative, if the display was tastefully arranged. Bunting is commonplace. So are palms and potted plants. But rows of embroidered silk stockings, properly filled out and shown to advantage, would make any

place of assembly "a perfect bower of beauty." If the Boston practice should become general, there will be a waiting list for most committees on decoration.

F. O. B. FACTORY

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.

"It's not what I ordered," she said, "but 'twill do.

My penmanship's shaky; it's my fault, I know.

I wrote for a portable bungalow."

DEPLETED TREASURE ISLAND

IT WAS aboard the tight schooner *Hispaniola*, Robert Louis Stevenson, master.

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" screamed Silver's parrot.

"Avast there, Captain!" cried Long John. "Stand by to go about! They're only pieces of two or three, according to the present rates of exchange."

Saying which, the sea cook spat viciously in the apple barrel.

"AND that isn't half of it," Mary Pickford was quoted as saying, after she had bought six Paris gowns. We'll say not. Considering the dimensions of present day gowns, we'll hazard the remark that it was not much more than a third of it.

POSTSCRIPT

THE immortal Mother Goose was seated in her library, penning her imperishable melodies. She had written as far as—

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
Sheep in the meadows, cows in the corn;*

—when a deep, abysmal wail, like an orphaned lamb with a sore throat, welled through the wall from the house next door. Mother Goose sighed, frowned, and turned this couplet:

*But on one condition, and one alone;
That the horn you blow is no saxophone.*

Which explains why Little Boy Blue went under the haystack.

TIDBITS FROM THE WORLD'S NEWS



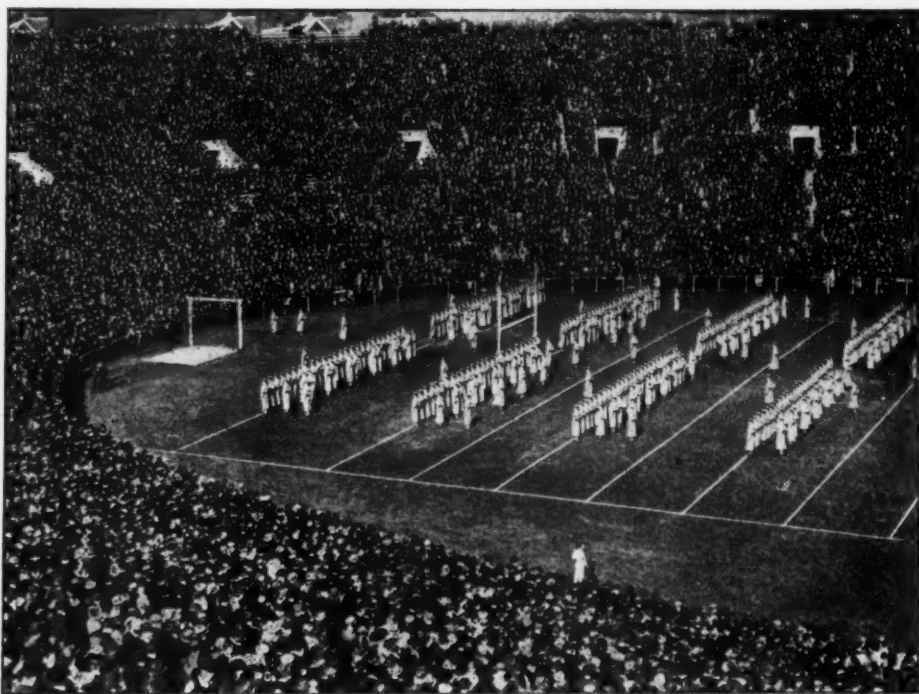
A 3,000-mile hike is easy—for Miss Theresa Thomp, of Ferndale, Wash. She proved it recently when she walked from her home to New York City, in order to enter Columbia University. The picture at the left was taken in the heart of the Rockies.



Not quite so conventional as the usual snapshot of Major-General Leonard Wood, is it? It was taken the other day while the new Governor-General of the Philippines was making a tour of inspection in Indang.



Here's a picture that "T. R." would have enjoyed. The old gentleman in the center is Mr. John I. Kipp, of Deer Valley, Cal. He is placidly seated in the center of a gathering composed of seventy-eight of his direct descendants, who gathered at his home recently to help him celebrate his ninetieth birthday anniversary.



PHOTOS KEYSTONE

Exactly like toy soldiers, aren't they? In reality they are West Point cadets giving one of their beautiful drills prior to the start of the Army-Yale game, won by the latter by a score of 14 to 7.

WHERE 15,000,000 PEOPLE FACE STARVATION

INTERNATIONAL
"For God's sake
give me something
to eat!"



INTERNATIONAL

Stockings being very hard to obtain in Moscow, rolled socks are extremely popular among the women. Also cigarettes. Many thousands of this girl's sisters in suffering Russia have no hosiery at all.



PAXTON HIBBEN

Starving peasants. Those wishing to help any person or group in Russia may remit, in sums of not less than ten dollars, to the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, New York. Remittances must be accompanied by full name and address of beneficiary.



INTERNATIONAL

American Relief Administration workers on their relief train entering Russia at the Latvian frontier.

PAXTON HIBBEN

An old Saratoff farmer trekking westward from the famine country.



PAXTON HIBBEN

Refugees along the sidewalk at Samara. It is planned to furnish daily meals to 1,000,000 Russian children. The Jews in the Ukraine also will be fed.



YOU AND YOUR WORK

"Help Wanted" Advertisement Letters

By JACOB PENN

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is not an employment agency, it cannot provide jobs. But it can and will provide expert counsel to those, with or without work, who sincerely wish to better their condition. Mr. Penn will gladly answer in LESLIE'S the inquiries of readers who seek the benefit of his advice in solving their employment problems. All communications will be treated confidentially. Address your letters: YOU AND YOUR WORK DEPT., LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City. Always enclose stamps for postage.



IN WRITING your letter of application in response to "help wanted" advertisements, you should bear in mind that the results you will obtain depend largely, if not entirely, on the attitude you maintain toward the advertiser, the advertisement, and the position offered. Effectively written, you need have no worry about calls for interviews. You should get plenty.

"There is hardly one person in a hundred who, using only pen and ink, can present himself to an employer in such a manner as will engage that employer's interest," recently declared J. E. Gray, employment expert of the National Employment Exchange, New York City, the largest employment agency in the country and in daily contact with thousands of men and women in search of business positions. There is small wonder that at least 90 per cent. of the letters received by the average advertiser seldom receive consideration. This deplorable waste is occasioned through the many errors of the writers, because of which they fail to impress the prospective employers.

Every "help wanted" advertisement normally brings not less than one hundred replies. To read them all is impossible for the average employer. He, therefore, resorts to a weeding-out process. The first letters to be selected are the best-looking letters. Employers see in the letter a key to your personality, character, education, general fitness and a good-looking letter is usually indicative of a good worker. Your letter is your messenger. Let it be a very good messenger. Let your entry in this contest be the neatest, clearest, most forceful of which you are capable.

YOUR LETTER'S APPEARANCE

Whether it is a letter in response to an advertisement, social letter, or any other kind of a letter, the factors that combine toward giving it effective appearance are the same. They are

- (1) Use of proper stationery.
- (2) Neat, legible handwriting or typewriting.
- (3) Logical and forceful arrangement of material.

If you were a competent mechanic, you would not risk your reputation and proper performance of your work by using defective tools, would you? Of course not. Therefore, use the best pen and ink available. Use a pen that is clean, and a penholder that fits your hand, preferably one that you are used to. See that the ink is fresh, preferably black or true blue. Avoid the use of colored or perfumed inks. Good, clean, black ink or true blue ink stands out excellently on good white paper. This makes it easy for the advertiser to read

your letter, which is highly important.

Use plain, white paper, 8½ by 11 inches, the regular business size. Write on one side only. Avoid hotel or club stationery. The naïve prominence sometimes attached to residence in a certain hotel or club the advertiser does not follow. He similarly refuses to read letters written on the employer's stationery, or paper with your monogram, name, die, initials. Employers who read letters in response to their advertisements consider it a breach of faith on the part of workers when they use office stationery for personal needs. In disgust, such letters invariably reach the waste basket. Bear in mind the envelope also. It should never be fancy. The ordinary business size, 3 by 6 inches, is preferred.

SOME THINGS TO AVOID

Girls, and young women especially, are cautioned to keep strictly to these rules. I have had occasion during the last few years to read many thousands of letters in response to "help wanted" advertisements sent by girls and women. I have found them using the queerest forms and kinds of paper and envelopes imaginable. They forgot that colors did not do a good appearance make. Many, ill-advised, used rare perfume to attract attention without success.

Because to the advertiser your letter, your handwriting, is so unerring an index to your personality, character, ability, education, all-around fitness, many employers insist that the letters of application be written in long-hand even when they advertise for positions that do not call for good handwriting. To them, your handwriting is the gauge by which they measure you. A clear, legible, neat hand is the best. Fancy writing is not for business. Henry Clews, the banker and intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, attributes his first position and start in life to his neat, legible handwriting. If your handwriting is poor, now is the time to improve it. Your handwriting, remember, yields the first impression of you, and first impressions are frequently lasting impressions.

HANDWRITING AND TYPEWRITING

It has often been said, and I have seen it even in print, that the really able men and able women are poor writers, and that, therefore, a poor handwriting is a very good recommendation of one's ability, character, education. I will not deny or affirm the soundness of this point of view, but of this much I am certain: Employers are not seeking genius through the columns of the newspapers or magazines. What they look for are ordinary men and ordinary women who are competent to perform certain tasks to their satisfaction.

When the advertiser does not call for a long-hand written letter, use the typewriter. A typewritten letter presents a better appearance than a letter written in long hand, stands out better, and is more easily read. If you cannot operate the typewriter, get someone to type your letter for you, a friend or a public stenographer. The expense will repay you many times over, for it will help to make your letter good looking, and, therefore, make a favorable impression on the reader. Favorable impressions mean interviews, and interviews are oftenest the thresholds to jobs.

The manner in which you build your letter, that is, arrange it on the paper, is very important. The form either pleases or annoys the eye. Aim to have your letter eye-sweet.

ARRANGEMENT OF MATERIAL

Leave equal margins on both sides. One inch is equally allowed for the right and left margins in case of the long-hand written letter, more, when the letter is typewritten. One-half inch is allowed for the indentation at the beginning of paragraphs, when handwritten and double that space when typewritten. This will make your letter stand out in blocks, and make it easy for the prospective employer to read.

If your letter is written in long-hand, try to have your lines straight. The mechanical device of the typewriter takes care of that. Put your address and date at the top of the paper in two or three lines about one-third of the space from the right side followed about one and one-half inches below at the left margin with the name and address of the advertiser. That usually takes up three lines. Skip the next line, if it is a long-hand letter and if typewritten the next two lines, and close to the margin place the salutation, the "Dear Sir" or "Gentlemen" as the case may be.

Many err in dividing their letter into many paragraphs. Remember that each paragraph means separate attention to gain from the reader. Make it easy for him. He finds comfort in a letter of few paragraphs. Three should serve your purposes very effectively.

Again, remember that your letter to an advertiser and prospective employer is your bid for his attention and his interest in you. Therefore, aim to make your letter the most effective bid you can from every angle.

How to write effective letters answering "Help Wanted" advertisements will be discussed in the "You and Your Work Department" in next week's LESLIE'S.

\$1000.00 in Cash for Smiling Faces!



Cut out these Smiling Faces. They are worth money to you. Watch for other Smiling Faces in JUDGE advertisements from week to week.

JUDGE wants to see everybody happy this winter. That's why, besides publishing America's Great Humorous Weekly, we are offering cash awards totaling **\$1000.00**.

Look at the five smiling faces on this page. Isn't their joy contagious? Don't you want to smile with them?

Save these faces. They will count five points. They will help you win a share of the **\$1000.00**.

Watch your local paper for other smiling faces; look carefully through every magazine and newspaper you pick up. Remember that every smiling face from any advertisement may be entered, but no single advertisement will count for more than 5 points.

Read the conditions below. The contest is open to everyone. It is the most fascinating and joyous contest ever conducted by anyone, anywhere.

This contest, together with JUDGE's own smile-building, joy-giving qualities, will lead right up to

Judge's National Smile Week February 5th to 12th, 1922

Watch JUDGE next week for the names of the distinguished committee that will help make JUDGE'S National Smile Week a tremendous success.

Here are the Rules—Read them carefully!

1. Each smiling face clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement will count as a point in JUDGE's National Smile Week Contest. To the persons who send the largest number of smiling faces clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement published on or before midnight, February 12th, the following cash prizes will be given:

For the largest number -	\$500.00
For the second largest number -	250.00
For the third -	100.00
For the fourth -	50.00
For the next ten, each -	10.00
2. Clippings made from now on, from any newspaper or magazine advertisement, either current or back numbers (no more than five points will be allowed from any one advertisement) may be entered. The same advertisement in any magazine or newspaper may be used but once by any competitor.
3. Clippings must be mailed on or before midnight of February 13th, 1922, when the contest closes. Don't send any clippings until you send them all.
4. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to JUDGE or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
5. Employees, or members of the families of the employees of the Leslie-Judge Company are barred from this contest.
6. Check will be mailed to the winner as soon as the winner is determined.
7. In the event of ties, prizes identical in character with that offered will be given to each of those so tying.
8. The name of the winner will be published in a number of JUDGE issued during April, 1922.
9. Address all clippings, with the total number of faces indicated on each package to "Chairman, JUDGE's National Smile Week Committee," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. Clippings will not be returned. All inquiries regarding this contest should be addressed to the Chairman accompanied by a stamp for reply.

Cars Are Now at Their Lowest Prices

The last two months have brought decided revisions in the prices of automobiles. Many which had not previously been reduced dropped from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Not since the war have prices been so low.

It is useless to anticipate further declines in automobile prices; in fact, costs may be increased. Now is the time to buy.

There are many excellent values available to the man with \$500 or \$5000 to invest in an automobile. But the best car made for some conditions may not prove satisfactory under others. The Motor Department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will furnish readers with unbiased, expert advice free of charge. Use the coupon below, filling out all of the blanks in order that we may advise you thoroughly.

COUPON

Motor Department, Leslie's
LESLIE-JUDGE CO.

627 West 43d St. New York City

I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about \$..... and am especially interested in one of the (make)

..... (type)

My requirements for a car are as follows: Capacity.....

Type of body.....

Driven and cared for by..... self

for by..... chauffeur

Kind of roads over which car would be used.....

I have owned other cars of the following makes:

The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory

Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.

Name.....

Address.....

L-11-12-21



SEND NO MONEY
THIS WONDERFUL BARGAIN cannot be duplicated anywhere. THREE beautiful dress shirts for only \$2.98. Value \$4.50 guaranteed. Each shirt beautifully made. Soft Cuffs. Cool Style Fronts. Highest quality materials. A genuine money saving bargain to introduce my line of shirts to new customers. **SEND NO MONEY NOW.** Pay Postman \$2.98 plus postage upon arrival. Every penny returned AT ONCE if not delighted. All shirts are white with assorted color stripes. Latest New York style. Send postal or letter now while this offer lasts. Not more than three shirts to a customer.
F. V. Frankel, Dept. 2011, 353 5th Avenue, New York City

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

A Harness for Ten Million Horses

(Continued from page 661)

stations which, after reducing this pressure, would distribute the energy to the consumers on their lines. By employing this high voltage, the base-load plants could transmit current a distance of quite 350 miles with an energy loss of less than 6 per cent. in transit. Thus stations remote from consuming districts could generate electricity under especially favorable conditions, and deliver it to distributing stations at a lower cost than it could be produced by the latter.

And this brings us to the fuller utilization of the water power resources within the Superpower Zone as well as to those situated outside of the area, but not beyond transmission range.

While the Superpower Zone will always have to rely in the main upon energy developed by steam-electric plants, still it

will be entirely practicable, in the course of the next nine years, to obtain from falling waters 21 per cent. of the grand total of electrical energy that will then be needed by the industries, the railroads, the municipalities, and the home dwellers. To accomplish this, the widest use would be made of the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Hudson, and the Connecticut rivers, which are counted upon to furnish substantially 1,050,000 electrical horse power. This would be two and one-third times the capacity of the hydro-electric installations within the zone today.

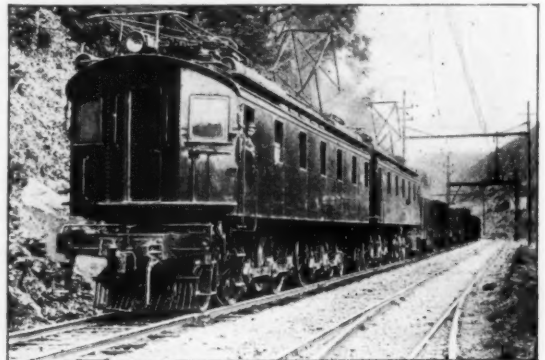
But it seems the water power resources of the Niagara and the St. Lawrence rivers are electrically accessible to the Superpower Zone, and it would be possible to deliver current from there as far south as the Metropolitan District at a price of but 5.7 mills an hour per electrical horse power. Indeed, by interconnecting the wires from steam-electric and hydro-electric plants notable economies can be obtained; and such a combination, involving an investment of \$44,838,000, would bring in annually a return of \$69,550,000!

In other words, the Superpower scheme calls for a minimum of capital and a minimum of labor to yield a maximum of electricity. The report tells us that the proposed co-ordination of the best of the electric public utility plants and the establishment of master base-load stations would effect a yearly saving by 1930 of \$239,000,000!

What has been said about the losses due to independent operation of the public utility plants applies with still greater force to a very large share of the 76,000 manufacturing establishments, which use mechanical power, in America's finishing shop. The average isolated industrial steam plant burns eight pounds of coal an hour for every electrical horse power

developed! Compare this with the figures given for the Superpower system, and it is not hard to realize then how, if the majority of the mills, factories, and shops purchased their energy from the proposed interconnected public utilities, it would be practicable, by 1930, to satisfy greater demands and still save 20,625,000 tons of coal and to institute economies aggregating \$190,000,000 each twelvemonth! The experts of the Survey positively state that no concern requiring 500 horse power or less should dream of producing its own energy by steam.

The area embraced by the Superpower Zone is rapidly outgrowing the present capacity of its steam railways, and changes must be made before long which will provide greatly increased motive power. This will involve the expenditure



An electric locomotive. It doesn't appear to be very powerful, does it? Nevertheless, without any fussing, it was pulling a load of over 3,000,000 tons up a steep mountain grade when this picture was taken.

of large sums of money. The crucial question is whether this money shall be used to buy more steam locomotives or be devoted to electrification.

Mr. Murray and his colleagues find that the volume of business on 19,000 out of the 36,000 miles of heavy-traction railways in the Superpower Zone amply warrants electrification of those very active divisions; and thus modernized those roads would be able to handle about 70 per cent. of the traffic of the region at an annual saving of \$82,000,000 while burning 10,210,000 tons less of coal. But this is only a part of the story.

The electric tractor, obtaining its energy from more or less distant power plants, does not have to drag coal around with it, and the fuel that produces the current is utilized to the very best advantage. The electric locomotive consumes no energy when not in motion, and its costs for repairs and upkeep are far lower than those of a steam locomotive of equal capacity. Finally, electric locomotives of still more powerful types than those in service to-day can be built without exceeding the limitations set by existing trackage, present bridge strengths, and the clearances of tunnels now placed along the lines. By the abandonment of steam and the substitution of electrical traction the railroads concerned would be relieved of the big burden of transporting a great tonnage of non-profitable coal, and their rolling stock could be put to the moving of

that much more paying traffic. The electrified lines would cease to generate power and would buy, instead, current from the stations of the Superpower System. In other words, the roads would be left to specialize in transportation and would look to other specialists, the electric-public utilities, to supply the needful motive force.

And now for the very natural question which every interested citizen will ask: "Who is going to build and to operate all of the power plants and supervise the distribution of their electrical energy—the Government or private interests?" The following plan has been proposed: that legislation be asked permitting the creation of a corporation authorized to take by eminent domain lands or interests necessary to the construction, maintenance, and operation of lines for the transmission of electrical energy. Such legislation may be by a separate Act or by an amendment to the Federal Power Commission law. All rights granted should be subject to the exercise by each State of its full police and taxing power; and it is understood that the vested rights of existing public utility companies shall be fully protected. As will be seen, regulatory control would be in the hands of both Federal and State authorities.

Private capital would finance the entire project, and stock in the enterprise would be sold to the public. Returns upon the stock of the Superpower Company would be specifically limited to a fair division between the investing public and the consumers with such a profit to the Superpower Company as would make its creation possible and, at the same time, enable it to serve its patrons adequately. In short, the customer companies, i.e., the public utilities, should participate equally with the stockholders in any distribution of net earnings in excess of a prescribed rate of return.

To carry out the program covered in the Superpower Survey Report would call, it is estimated, for the expenditure of \$1,448,218,000 in the next nine years: an outlay that, Mr. Murray's report indicated, would soon be lost in the economies provided. The scheme, it is confidently predicted, is one which must eventually become nation-wide in application.

An Imaginary Interview with Woodrow Wilson

(Continued from page 654)

many knows it; we know it. Those very senators know it, Disciples of Opportunism, who with averted conscience, cast a vote which they must soon regret. And, in spite of the separate treaty, inexorable events are leading us toward the League of Nations."

A servant entered to say the car was still waiting outside.

"Tell him I will not drive this evening," replied Mr. Wilson, and continued: "Again, examine the Panama Canal Tolls question as to whether American coast-wise vessels shall be permitted free passage. The Senate by vote of forty-seven to thirty-seven favored free tolls to American ships—thus breaking both



Democracy

"—of the people, by the people, for the people"

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

There is one Bell telephone shareholder for every 34 telephone subscribers. No other great industry has so democratic a distribution of its shares; no other industry is so completely owned by the people it serves. In the truest sense, the Bell System is an organization "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Bell System gives the best and cheapest telephone service to be found anywhere in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service

You can be quickly relieved if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Causes and Cures." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
B. N. Bogue, 4246 Monroe Blvd., 1147 N. W. St., Indianapolis

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tion. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments
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no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

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320 Pages—Illustrated—Cloth
By Winfield Scott Hall, M.D., Ph.D.
SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and
Every young woman should know
What every young husband and
Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

Table of contents and commendations,
on request.

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White's Weather Prophet fore-
casts the weather 8 to 24
hours in advance. Not a
toy but a scientifically constructed
instrument working automatically.
Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

An Ideal Present

Made doubly interesting by the little
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what the weather will be.
Size 6 1/2 x 7 1/2 fully guar-
anteed. Postpaid to any
address in U. S. or Can-
ada on receipt of

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DOLLARS IN HARES
We pay \$7.00 to \$18.50 and up a pair and
express charges. Big Profit. We furnish
guaranteed high grade stock and buy all
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BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of
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Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

"The Senate, as I say, voted to break both the letter and spirit of the treaty with England. The administration—and I make this comment not in spirit of criticism but in spirit of advice—advocated postponement of action until after the Arms Conference. Certainly, the intimation of the present Chief Executive to postpone action was opportune. To postpone an issue with England until after the Conference is indeed practical; but in the long run, is it wisdom? Is the United States justified in breaking or remodeling the Hay-Pauncefote treaty? Or is the United States not justified in breaking the treaty? The issue is clear-cut; the method of meeting it may make or mar our relations with England. To meet the terms of an international obligation may be idealistic, but in the span of time it leads to the larger understanding of nations.

"Viewed in the sense of this larger understanding—and again I say this in the spirit of helpfulness rather than criticism—it is my very earnest hope that the present Government look far ahead in determining America's greatest foreign problem—her relations with Japan. It is only too evident that certain factors in this country are steering the Ship of State toward Niagara Falls. Elements in the Far Eastern question cannot be evaded; whether or not we wish it, we must face 'the rising tide of color.' The administration is to be heartily congratulated on including in the Agenda of the Arms Conference the questions of Shantung and Yap, and the 'Open Door' and Japan's rights in China. But one hears that the State Department wishes to exclude from the Conference the question of Japanese immigration into the United States. Is not the one involved in the other? Is it not true that ever since the 'Gentlemen's Agreement' with Japan our anti-Oriental land acts have been a festering thorn to Japanese pride? Is it not true that a Jap-

anese subject may never own an acre of land or a house in America? Is it not true that we admit to citizenship English, Irish, Poles, Russians, Germans, Austrians, French—every nationality in the book of nations—but the yellow man? The yellow man is barred. I do not say that he should be admitted. I do not say that Americans should be forced to compete with cheap labor. But I do maintain that the problem must be discussed with those to whom it is a thorn; that reparations must be made to Oriental pride if the United States is to maintain its march toward the Larger Understanding of Peoples, and if this great Republic is to continue, as it surely will, to cast its spreading beams across the nations of the world."

Through glass doors at the rear of the study we had moved toward the broad garden built high above Decatur Circle. Brick walls and pergola at the foot, ivy-lined walls at the side and the steep hill toward the river separate the residence from the outside world. Toward his favorite chair under an evergreen tree at the extreme end of the terrace slowly moved the Twenty-eighth President of the United States.

The slowly sinking sun cast Mr. Wilson's long reflection on the pavement. Observing it, he added, in a low voice, as if to himself:

"Of course, I do not wish my shadow to cross the Conference. But may I ask a question before you go? You are familiar with the arrangements? You have been where the delegates of nations gather to put the world on a better footing?" He paused.

"Do they ever . . ." the note, it seemed, was wistful—"at the Pan-American Hall, is the name of Woodrow Wilson ever mentioned?"

A disturbing jangle drummed at my ears. I awoke with a start. My 'phone was ringing insistently. Alas, I had been dozing.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY wants to hear from its readers, and will print their letters under this heading as opportunity offers. It hopes they will take advantage of this invitation to air their views to the editor, and through the editor to their fellow readers, whether in praise or criticism of what appears in the magazine; or, if they please, on subjects unrelated to its contents. Letters should not be more than 300 words in length and may be signed, if desired, with a pen name, provided the correspondent's real name and correct address are enclosed.

THE USE OF "YOU-ALL"

To the Editor of —LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Referring to the first article in your publication for October 15th, it is no wonder that that "side-walk chat is still ringing through the South like the booming of a great bell," for it ought to be ringing and booming in William G. Shepherd's head for putting in "the gist" of that (extremely) simple talk the words "Where've you-all been, Julian?" And that to Julian Harris, son of the wonderful Southern dialect writer, Joel Chandler Harris!

Why is it considered necessary to interlard that silliest of all inventions of the dialect-writer, "You-all?"

I don't know Mr. Loyless and I don't know the rights of the K. K. K. controversy, but he ought to take it out of the hide of whoever put that inane expression in his mouth.

"You-all" is used in the South as the

plural of "You." The real ones all use it as it fills a want caused by the confusion of using the word "You" for both singular and plural. Some Southerners "ashamed of their raisin'" try to say "All of you" which of course is as sensible as using the emphatic "All of them" when one means merely "Them."

"You-all" is used as a simple plural, for any number more than one, never used by anybody of any intelligence of any color when addressing a single person unless it is intended to include some other people not present. For instance, if the most ignorant negro were addressed by a Northern dialect writer trying to live down to the people of the country "George, where've you-all been?" George would be puzzled and probably answer, "Boss. I was over to de nex' plantation, but de missus, she stayed heah."

There is nothing personal about this, as I was born and "raised" in Canada, but it is a

sort of defence of the human race, for if one person addressing another thought he was addressing more than one it would not be a matter of grammar or "English"; it would be a matter of sanity.

I enjoyed McNutt's article about Canadian immigration and like your magazine better in its new form.

Yours very truly,

J. B. SENIOR.

Dallas, Tex.

October 22, 1921.

THAT BAD ROADS PRIZE

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Check the sobs and dry the editorial tears. For, though hailing from the blameless terminal of your Prize Bad Road, I offer consolation.

More: I even eliminate Illinois—though it encompasses roads worse than your prize stretch. To be definite, I ask your informant to try a dash from Peoria to Liverpool along the "lower" river road.

But why, in heaven's name, did your tourist pause permanently in Chicago? To the east are two States more loudly boastful of good roads than Wisconsin: Indiana and Michigan.

Nevertheless, let your driver point the radiator toward Gary; then warm up by bumping to Michigan City, Ind. At this port the pilot should be lashed to the wheel—and each adjacent part of the car, one to the other.

Lakeside, Mich., is the destination. Try it!

Respectfully,

H. STRONG SMITH.

New York City,

October 13, 1921.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

By LEON D'EMO

OVER sullenly savage Gibraltar
The rain rattles in from the sea
On the pock-pitted ports of its sinister forts
And the huddling huts in its lee.
The narrow streets climb till they faller
And battleships bulk in the bay,
The hourglass runs to the sound of the
guns,
Ninety and six every day.

And soldiers and soldiers and soldiers
Swagger and shuffle and clink,
The saltyport hums to the stuttering
drums
And night settles somber as ink.
Ships pass in parading procession
Through the Mediterranean door
By the shimmering sand of an Orient land
In the haze of the African shore.

The hesitant sands of the hours
Seep slowly, reluctantly down
At the trumpeting call from the minaret
tall
In the white of the African town.
Lank porters are laden with lemons
And pottery, leather and musk;
The gear of the camels in brass and enamels
Glowes glimmering dull in the dusk.

The murmuring clink of a bangle,
The slumberous song of the night,
Sound dim on my ears down the hurrying
years
Like a time-faded sketch to the sight.
Where Hercules planted his pillars
I played by a morning-lit sea
And I long in my ruth for the days of my
youth
That will never come back to me.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

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President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
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STYLES ALL LEATHERS ALL
SIZES AND WIDTHS



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It is intended to have them new and original as far as publication goes. They may be true in life, occurring in everyday happenings, where wit meets wit and comic experience is unfolded.

For the best story received by this department each week, *Judge* will pay \$10.00, and for the second best \$5.00 will be paid. All other stories accepted and published will be paid for at *Judge's* regular text rates.

All these little stories must be humorous. Any number may be submitted by any one contributor. No story should exceed 200 words in length—but the shorter the better. All should be typewritten and carry the name and address of the sender, with postage for return in case of unavailability. Remember that clipped stories, or those already published, are not acceptable. The names of prize-winners will be attached to their contributions unless a contrary wish is expressed. Address "Stories to Tell Editor," care of *Judge*, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Multiplying Signs of Stronger Markets

Underlying stock market conditions are stronger at present than at any time within the past two years.

We have prepared an analysis of the market outlook for the winter and early spring that should be of special interest to those contemplating purchases at around present price levels.

Copy will be sent on request. Ask for Bulletin LW-75.

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LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

THERE has been considerable frank utterance of late by returning travelers to the effect that Europe is "heading for a smash." These Jeremiahs are American financiers and men of other business and presumably there could be no more intelligent and reliable observers of the situation. The passage of time, it seems, has not been improving conditions over there as everybody fondly expected a year or two ago. Reports like this are in dark contrast with the occasional assurances we have had that recuperation was well advanced in some of the war-worn countries. But, after all, there was no reason to be surprised at these tourists' tales.

For, whatever sporadic instances of betterment may be cited, a high degree of fundamental unsoundness of financial and economic conditions in Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain is still indicated by the enormous inflation of the paper currencies of those countries. Excessive issues of paper money are not themselves the primary causes of such troubles as exist. They are mainly danger signals. Back of them operate necessities and urgencies that compel their putting forth and that must be remedied if catastrophe is not to occur.

Sound finance requires that the paper issues of a nation be secured by adequate gold reserves. In the countries mentioned the gold "back-log" has been nearly all burned away. Compared with the vast quantities of outstanding paper tokens, it is well-nigh negligible. It performs no real valuable function. The currency is almost entirely "credit" money, a direct obligation of the nation, based on its good faith, but having no tangible material basis. Naturally there is risk in accepting such money in payment for services and commodities, and inevitably prices of all kinds of necessities and luxuries keep pace in inflation with the medium of exchange.

This explains some of the drawbacks of such a deficient monetary system, but it does not reveal its causes. These in Europe are, of course, the consequences of the World War, which created immense additions to already large national indebtedness, aggravated in Germany by the reparation payments. Governments have found it difficult to raise enough revenue to meet swollen current expenditures, and greatly enhanced interest payments, even by levying exorbitant taxes. Hence the temptation, or rather the necessity, of resorting to loans from the printing presses. That way of raising

funds is easier than retrenchment of outlays and devising of new sources of income.

This plague of paper money inflation has seriously interfered with the world's commerce. The United States dollar, the soundest coin on earth, is at a high premium in the lands of both our former allies and enemies. Their people, in order to buy goods in our market, are forced to convert depreciated money into American dollars. That is for the buyers a costly proceeding, and hence Europeans are taking as little of our products as possible. Obviously, to relieve the restraint of trade between us and them, foreign currencies must be so regulated as to cause them to appreciate.

Numerous schemes to stabilize exchange, that is, to more nearly equalize the purchasing power of money here and abroad, have been propounded. But no mere artificial arrangement can have lasting results. "Pegging up" exchange by main strength will be only transient in its effects. The true and only remedy is the natural one. Let the governments of the Old World perform major surgical operations on their budgets, insist on making these balance, and even strive to produce surpluses. With the latter could be retired yearly certain portions of the fiat money afloat accepted in payment of taxes. Even the prospect of gradual reductions would be helpful to each nation.

The drastic lowering of government expenditures necessitated by this plan would relieve the business of each country of heavy burdens of taxation, encourage enterprise, and speed rehabilitation and prosperity. Had a policy like this been entered upon long ago, there would not to-day have been so much ground for fears of a smash in Europe, and it may not be too late even now to avert what would prove to be a disaster, not only to Europe, but also to the entire world.

Answers to Inquiries

A., TROY, N. Y.: You might invest your \$10,000 in such bonds as the following: New York Central equipment trust 7s, Northern Pacific equip. trust 7s, Norfolk and Western equip. trust 6s, Pacific Fruit Express equip. trust 7s, Penn. R. R. equip. trust 6s, Southern Pacific equip. trust 7s, Union Pacific equip. trust 7s, Atchafalaya equip. trust 6s, Bethlehem Steel equip. trust 7s, Canadian Northern equip. trust 6s, Chicago & Northwestern equip. trust 6 1/2s.

J., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: The Phillips Petroleum Company's 10-year gold debenture bonds may be classed as an attractive business man's purchase. The company produces oil and gas and gasoline from casing-head gas plants and operates in important producing districts. The debentures are well safe-guarded. Each \$1,000 bond carries a warrant entitling the holder for ten years to buy stock from the company at \$33.50 per share. There is a market for these warrants at \$20 cash. The bonds were offered at a price to yield 7.65 per cent. Sale of warrants would reduce cost and increase return to about 8 per cent.

D., CLEVELAND, OHIO: The newly issued City of

Detroit, Mich., 5, 5½ and 5½ bonds are unquestionably safe and sound. The bonds are direct obligations of the city, are exempt from Federal income and Michigan taxes, and are legal investments for savings banks and trust funds in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and other States. The bonds are coupon in denomination of \$1,000, with privilege of registration. They were offered at prices to yield 5½ to 5.65 per cent., according to maturity.

M., NEW YORK: Among issues of the Standard Oil group which you need have no hesitation in buying are Anglo-American 5-year 7½ per cent. sinking fund gold debentures, Standard Oil of California 10-year 7 per cent. gold debentures, Standard Oil of New York, 7 per cent. serial gold debentures and 15-year 6½ per cent. gold debentures, and Vacuum Oil 15-year 7 per cent. gold bonds.

S., RICHMOND, VA.: The Illinois Central R. R. Company's 15-year 6½ per cent. secured bonds total \$8,000,000, are due July 1, 1936, and are not redeemable before maturity. They are a direct obligation, but are secured by over \$8,000,000 of refunding mortgage 4s and more than \$3,000,000 refunding mortgage 5s. The road is paying 7 per cent. on stock. Recent price of the bonds to yield about 6.1 per cent.

T., COLUMBIA, S. C.: The 15-year 6½ per cent. secured bonds of the Penn. R. R. Co. are among the best of investments. The bonds, aggregating \$60,000,000, are secured by the same amount of Penn. R. R. general mortgage 6s, and \$6,000,000 Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington R. R. general mortgage 6s. Quoted lately at a price to yield 6¼ per cent.

W., KANSAS, MO.: It would be prudent to put your \$6,000 into Great Northern R. R. general mortgage 7s due in 1936 and lately held at a price to yield 6.65 per cent.

R., WILMINGTON, DEL.: The Duquesne Light Company 15-year 7½ per cent. conv. deb. are an attractive issue. The company conducts the main light and power business in Pittsburgh and throughout the major portions of Allegheny and Beaver Counties, Pennsylvania. Net earnings the past fiscal year were nearly twice interest charges. The debentures are convertible, par for par, from July 1, 1923, to July 1, 1934, into 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock. Offered at a price to yield 7.35 per cent.

H., BRISTOL, CONN.: The Western Union Telegraph Company's 15-year 6½ per cent. bonds are well rated. The company has paid dividends on stock since 1874, and since 1917 at the rate of 7 per cent.

P., BURLINGTON, VT.: A woman, however well-to-do, will wisely shun speculative corporation issues. The average woman's "nerves" unfit her for speculation. That kind of activity might better be left by the gentler sex to men. You do not have to take excessive risks in these days to get a liberal return on your money. First mortgage real estate bonds of merit yielding as high as seven and eight per cent. are obtainable, and as their prices are not continually changing you need have no anxiety about them.

H., SACRAMENTO, CAL.: From this distance Pacific Oil has the appearance of an excellent business man's purchase. The company has extensive holdings and its chances for the future look bright. It has not as yet got into an assured dividend stride, but its earnings should continue to expand. Rumors that Standard Oil interests had been purchasing the stock recently gave a firm tone to the shares.

D., NEW YORK: It cannot be foreseen how far the new "oil boom" will go. Prices for crude oil were depressed beyond reason and the reaction upward was inevitable. Dividend-paying oil stocks look like desirable purchases at this time, and some of the non-dividend payers are attractive as speculations. You want only moderate-priced shares. Cosden, Pacific Oil and Middle States Oil are paying dividends and are quoted comparatively low. Sinclair Consolidated makes no return, but offers a good long-pull chance. Pierce Oil preferred, paying at present 8 per cent., is rather speculative, as its low price shows.

B., BALTIMORE, MD.: Strikes and rumors of strikes notwithstanding, the leading railroads of this country seem bound some day to work themselves out of their difficulties and to prosper. It is inconceivable that the roads you mention—Indiana Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Norfolk & Western, Chicago & North-western and New York Central—are to go down in disaster. Their stocks and bonds would be fine purchases on marked recessions.

J., TRENTON, N. J.: Mexican bonds have lately appreciated on the prospect of better relations between the United States and Mexico, and also improved conditions in the Mexican Republic. But these issues are still highly speculative. Mexico has not fully settled down to peace and industry. There are left some seeds of revolution within her borders. It would be far safer for you to invest that \$5,000 in first-class domestic bonds, with a higher degree of safety.

S., CHAPMAN, KAN.: It is impossible to foresee the future price of Marland Oil, though it is probable that the stock will benefit from the rise in oil values. As a general thing I do not favor the use of paid-up securities as collateral for margin. Better risk the cash than paid-up stocks or bonds.

K., BRADDOCK, PA.: Submarine Boat has at present a rather dismal outlook. The company possesses a considerable cash reserve, but business and earnings have greatly fallen off. Its future depends on the revival of the demand for vessels, of which there is at present a great superfluity. The company's shipping business has not as yet proved profitable. The decline in the stock to its present low level indicates that it is a long-pull speculation. Atlantic Petroleum is on a 6 per cent. dividend basis. Its par is \$25. Its high this year was \$33½. The stock is a fair purchase.

W., RETHERFORD, N. J.: A purchase of American Tel. & Tel. stock at present quotation would be quite conservative. The company seems able to maintain the 9 per cent. dividend. Now is as good a time as any to buy the shares.

O., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.: The Philadelphia Co.'s 1st. ref. and col. tr. mortgage 6s due February 1, 1934, are

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Do you know what happens when you deposit money in your savings bank? Simply this; your money is in turn invested by the bank at a higher rate of interest than the bank pays you. By investing *direct* in securities such as a bank holds, you not only get the safety of money in the bank, but you double your interest income, because you are pocketing the commission that your bank ordinarily earns. By investing in Miller Bonds, your money will earn a full 8% instead of 3½ or 4% in the bank.



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WRIGHT

F. H. FOSTER

President of the Fort Scott State Bank, at Fort Scott, Kan., whose ability and standing as a financier caused him to receive the honor of appointment by the Chief Executive as Bank Commissioner of his State.



MATZKE

ARTHUR REYNOLDS

Of Chicago, who was lately elected President of the Continental & Commercial Bank, Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings Bank, and Continental & Commercial Securities Co. He was formerly President of the American Bankers Association.



WRIGHT

JONATHAN S. DODGE

New State Superintendent of Banks of California. He has been a banker and otherwise active in the financial world. He was a supervisor of Los Angeles County when appointed by the Governor to his present position.

considered a safe investment. These bonds are callable at different times at varying prices. They are free from Pennsylvania State tax, and Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. is paid. The company operates an extensive gas-producing and transporting and distributing system in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, furnishing most of Pittsburgh's gas supply. It controls the Duquesne Light Co. and other organizations. Earnings are over three times interest charges. The company has paid dividends since 1885, except one year. The present rate is 6 per cent. on common stock. The bonds were offered at a price to yield over 7.16 per cent.

C. DETROIT, MICH.: It is undoubtedly safe to invest your \$5,000 in Province of Manitoba 35-year 6 per cent. gold bonds. Principal and interest of the issue are payable in United States gold coin and the bonds are a primary obligation of the Province, which is large and flourishing. The bonds were offered at a price to net 6.05 per cent.

A. NORWOOD, O.: Lincoln Motor stock declined sharply owing to expectation of an unfavorable statement. The company is not in a strong financial condition. It has paid only two quarterly dividends of \$1.35 each on its preferred shares, and nothing since June, 1910. The plan of the directors to float a bond issue served to weaken the stock. I do not advise you to put any more money

into the company's shares at present, for they may go lower.

F. CINCINNATI, O.: Sinclair Oil is a promising long-pull speculation, as is also Middle States Oil, with the fact in favor of the latter that it is paying a dividend, while the former is not. If the price of crude oil continues to rise, the shares of these two companies will naturally benefit. Couden & Co. is a dividend-paying moderate-priced oil stock that should some day show up well. Many of the Standard Oil companies' issues are attractive.

F. COBALT, ONT., CAN.: Texas Co. is one of the strongest of the independent oil organizations and though the stock is selling at present as high as its dividend warrants, there are long-pull possibilities in it. The stocks of such copper companies as Utah, Miami, Chino, Anaconda, Inspiration, and Kennecott look like good purchases for the long-pull. Cerro de Pasco 8 per cent. convertible bonds are a well-rated business man's purchase. Loft, Candy and Sweets Company's outlook depends, of course, on the future trend of business. Loft is paying a dividend. Sweets is not. Loft, therefore, is preferable. As for speculation, I know nothing that surpasses in possibilities American Hide & Leather pfd. and International Mercantile Marine pfd. H. & L. pfd. is not at present paying a dividend, but the company's earnings are improving and there are arrears of 112 per cent. on the stock which must some day be dealt with. Mercantile Marine pfd. is paying 6 per cent., but there are arrears of 42 per cent. which also will have to be cleared up in the future. I consider the standard rails good buys at this time in spite of threats of strikes, etc.

B. TWO HARBORS, MICH.: I think well of your proposition to buy American Sugar pfd. The company is under depression at present, but it will pay the next preferred dividend and I have no doubt that it will in time become prosperous again.

J. GLENVIEW, MONT.: Northern Pacific should some day be among the prosperous roads whose stocks will appreciate. Other leading railroads may be expected to experience a rise in the value of their securities. Pure Oil, if the boom in crude continues, should show an advance. If you can secure \$12.50 for stock which cost you only \$1 per share it would be tempting Providence not to sell it.

H. OTTAWA, ILL.: The Shafon Steel Hoop Co. has prospered in the past and paid liberal dividends, but none since the third quarter of 1910. The company has suffered from the current depression of business, but its first mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds look like a good business man's investment.

P. HOUSTON, TEX.: Invincible Oil was boomed a little lately, but it still seems like a long pull, and not so good a speculative purchase as Couden, Cities Service bankers shares, or Middle States Oil. The management of Middle States Oil has not been considered wholly conservative, though it is able. The company felt the effect of the decline in crude oil and the cutting out of the extra dividend also weakened the market value of the stock. With the rise in oil there promises to be at least a partial recovery. General Motors common is a very fair business man's speculation, and the higher issues of the company look like good business men's purchases at present prices. New York, November 5, 1911.

Free Booklets for Investors

(A number of the booklets and circulars of information listed below are prepared especially for the small investor and the "beginner" in investing. All of them should prove of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety.)

The recent advance in the price of crude oil has created a situation favorable to oil stocks in general, and especially the low-priced issues. Trade authorities predict a still further advance in the value of oil. In view of the possibilities offered Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, have gathered valuable data on the market position and profit outlook of Sinclair Consolidated, Middle States Oil, Island Oil, Oklahoma Prod. & Rfg., Texas Co., and Cities Service bankers shares. This list offers speculative opportunities and the information given will be sent on request for Bulletin LW-74.

The Liberty Plan of Partial Payments established by the Russell Securities Corporation, 45 Broadway, New York, is regarded with favor by many odd lot buyers. It gives the purchaser twelve or twenty-four months to pay for any active stock or bond listed on the stock exchanges and selling at over \$5 per share. Securities can be bought from one share up. To get full particulars write to the corporation for its booklet E-88.

The G. I. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., Miami, Fla., offers Miami first mortgages at a price to yield 8 per cent. Purchasers' funds are protected by 800 per cent. security and by other effective safeguards. The company will send to any address its informing booklet B-25.

The up-to-date information and sound suggestions made weekly by the widely-known *Bache Review* make it attractive to business men and investors. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., 44 Broadway, New York.

Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, in the current issue No. 37 of their *Investment Survey*, cover the present remarkable position of the oil and deal also with other vital features of the market. A copy of the *Survey* may be had on request, together with booklet S-7 on the firm's twenty-payment plan.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, and they will mail to any applicant descriptive circular L showing the opportunities such options offer.

The Dallas County State Bank, Dallas, Tex., handles 8 per cent. first mortgages on Dallas homes, in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$10,000. Correspondence is solicited by the bank's Mortgage Investment Department.

A new issue of 100,000,000 guilders 6½ per cent. 40-year sinking fund bonds of the Government of the Dutch East Indies is offered by Morton Lackenbruch & Co., 42 Broad Street, New York. The firm will supply to any investor an interesting circular giving detailed information about the bonds as well as statistics of the Dutch East Indies.

"How Henry Wilkinson Became Rich" is the title of an interesting pamphlet issued by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., Hart Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., the well-known distributors of real estate mortgage bonds, and they will mail to any applicant a copy of this inspiring story.

The purchase of securities under the twenty-four payment plan employed by E. L. Wittmeyer & Co., Inc., 42 Broadway, New York, makes the process easy and protects the buyer in case of declines. Full particulars of this method and a copy of the firm's "Fortnightly Review" will be sent by Wittmeyer & Co. to any applicant for L W-801.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

TO ANYONE who has visited the quaint old town of Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, the news that a fire has reduced a large part of it to ashes comes as a personal loss. Fortunately, none of its historic structures nor of those which house the relics of its settlement more than three centuries ago, was damaged. Their destruction would have been a calamity which our Continent could ill afford.

Annapolis Royal was settled by French colonists in 1604, seventeen years before the Pilgrims founded Plymouth and five years before Henry Hudson discovered the river which bears his name. They called it Port Royal. It was already more than a century old when in 1710 the British captured it and renamed it after Queen Anne. Until 1750 it was the capital of Nova Scotia.

But its antiquity is not its only claim to distinction in the New World. Despite its age and its location at the head of a beautiful harbor on the Bay of Fundy, its growth has been almost imperceptible (to-day its population is little more than a thousand). It has escaped, therefore, the ugly obliteration of commercial expansion, and also, more miraculously, the cheapening influence of a large tourist traffic. Sour grapes! you say. Possibly if this were being written by one of its inhabitants. But it isn't. And for the reasons given Annapolis Royal remains itself, quaint, mellow, tranquil, without pretense, slumbering amid apple orchards which in May smother it in one huge garland of blossoms and which in October provide it with the harvest for its maintenance.

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The Phantom Caravel—(Concluded from page 659)

"But what then is this, if it is not magic?"
 "This? It is my best friend in need!"
 I said, picking it up. "*Eis aqui!* Look—I shall show you—" and I made as if to put it on him. He cast it away from him in terror.

"No! no!" he cried. "It is witchery!" and he crossed himself, and fingered an amulet which hung from his neck. His sister, too, looked grave. I changed my tone at once, seeing her face.

"How are you called?" I asked. "*Como se chama vos?*"

"I am Jorge Noronha," said the boy—"my sister, as I have told you, is named Estrella. She is seventeen—I am twenty-one. I would God—" and he lowered his voice—"she were not here!" With a queer little terrified expression he looked over his shoulder. Yet I could see nothing fearful; the ship was quiet, except for voices somewhere in the forecabin.

"You are voyaging—whither?" was my next question.

"Ah—God only knows! Under the great Admiral da Gama we set out from Lisbon a long time since—how long I forget. Yet Manoel was king. Is Manoel still king? We—and twelve other caravels—were promised rich booty if we should reach India by sailing in the direction where India is not. To me it seems a great folly—but their books tell them it is so. . . . Yet what matter where we go? since we remain here! A storm came; we were shut off from the others. Now, as you see, we do not move. In vain we implore *Nossa Senhora de Graça*; we do not advance. All India were we promised; now we rot here. And besides—"

WHAT he was about to say, with lowered voice and that strange look of terror in his eyes—I do not know, for I saw the shadow of a bulky figure tower above us. I looked up. In a gaudy Captain's uniform—bearded, commanding of stature and of mien—dark as an Arab and pitted with pock-marks, he looked down upon us with insolence and pride; with one red eye that glowed so that for a moment I imagined it must be Piton the cook, come back from a watery grave to haunt me!

But he paid no attention to me. Noronha he kicked, with a string of oaths I wished the girl were not there to hear.

"Back to your quarters, accursed swine!" he said. The boy cringed, and yet did not move to go.

"And you—" said the Captain to me—"you get to work! I need men; the small-pox cleaned us out pretty well. Get a swab and begin on this deck."

"But—Captain da Foz!" cried the girl, in a sweet tender voice I can hear yet in my memory—"he is ill—he cannot work."

"Aha! my pretty!" cried the Captain, leering. "You'd stay at his side to-day, eh? Because he is a boy—and not ill-favored. No; by Sao Vicente—you shall not. I need you for my own diversion. Come!"

He put his hand about her slim wrist and tried to lift her to his side but a queer choked voice cried out:

"No! No! By our Lady, no!" It was Noronha, who had leaped to his feet and was buffeting the Captain with his puny hands. A moment later the Captain's fist felled him. The Captain put his hands to his mouth and blew a shrill whistle. Half a dozen men came running.

"Below with him—" and the Captain spurned the prostrate form with his foot. "I'll attend to him in a moment."

"My compliments!" he cried to the trembling girl—"but you have need of a better protector, my pretty. . . . a two-handed, big man—a grown man!" and he thumped his chest. "*Ate a vista!* Till we meet again, my girl! After all this, I will need good entertainment in my cabin."

He strode off. The girl clung to my arm; she was white as chalk.

"It has been like this—though not so bad—all the voyage. And—perhaps he will hurt Jorge! What can I do?"

THERE was silence; not the creak of a sail, nor the whirr of a bird's wing. We sat close together, bound by helpless sympathy—by more, perhaps. Then suddenly we heard, below stairs, a sharp command—half a dozen shots that spoke as one—and a scream that made the girl cry out in agony:

"*Deos meu!* They have killed him!"

She leaped to her feet; as well as I could I got up after her—and as we did so the Captain came out of the companion-way, licking his bearded lips as a cat preens itself after preying on a bird. Then he cried:

"*Bem!* That is done! I have intended it for a long while. Now—my sweet lady!"

He came over toward her heavily, smiling, smirking. I felt her cool, soft hands suddenly grip mine hard—heard her voice in my ear:

"Keep him here—cajole him—play on his terrors, for he is a fearful man—do anything: for five minutes—five minutes only. Do not let him follow until then!"

Swift as a deer she darted out of sight behind me. The Captain lurched toward me as if he intended to crush me as he had crushed Noronha. And I had no weapon—no strength, since I could scarce stand—yet I could not fail her. I opened my lips to the first thing that came to mind:

"*La il-ah-il ah Allah!*"

—the *adzan* as I had heard it a hundred times from the minarets of Stamboul. I intoned it all:

"*God is Great! God is Great!*
I bear witness there is no God but God—
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God—
Come to Prayer—Come to Prayer—
God is Great—
There is no God but God!"

I gave my voice that nasal twang that makes it carry far and clear—I droned it out with a fervor that made the crew stand still and gape at me open-mouthed.

"What is this?" blustered the Captain, but he crossed himself before starting for me again.

"Hear ye!" I cried, standing as erect as I could for my weakness—"Hear ye! I am the Ambassador of the Great King Prester John! Listen to my words!"

It was a chance shot—a phrase remembered from my book—but it sent them tumbling back as a pistol-shot could not have done.

"*Preste Joham!*" I heard the words run from one to another like flame in brushwood. The Captain took one step toward me—only one, for a snarl went up behind him.

"Know ye not," I cried, speaking the unfamiliar lingo with precision, as befitted an Ambassador—"that my Master Prester John hath enchanted this ship for its sins—so that it shall not go on—he hath seen its iniquity—yea, the iniquity of its Captain—he hath put a curse on this ship—"

Again the snarl went up. The Captain winced. I continued:

"Know ye not my great Master hath a mirror before him—in which he sees all that happens in his domain—all that happens on this ship—all that you do, Captain da Foz!"

The Captain sank to his knees, the rabble behind him did likewise. Then a triumphant voice sounded in my ears:

"It is not needful to hold them longer, my friend—" and again that cool hand touched mine. "The train is laid—the fire is lit; only a minute—and then—" she turned to the Captain—"thou murderer—look to the powder-magazines! There is need for thee to look!"

WITH an oath the Captain leaped past us and dashed downstairs, the most of the crew after him. The girl put my belt in my hands.

"Here—here is thy sorcery-thing—thou hast need of it."

"No—no!" I cried—"this is for you." But she drew back, making a pious gesture.

"I cannot! It is enchanted—it is *fada*—fairy-stuff. Save thyself—" and she slipped it about me, tying the cords. When it was fastened she put her hands, one on each arm, and looked into my face steadily. Then she kissed me.

"There. Thou hast done well. Had it been permitted, I might have loved thee. But now—farewell—"

Her last words were drowned in a dull, rending sound, and the deck broke up under my feet. It was dark as night. I tried to seize her—to save her, but she melted from my clasp; something hit me on the head—then I seemed to float through space.

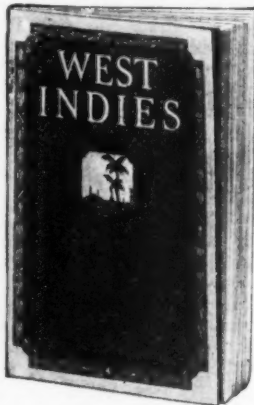
They picked me up—a mail steamer from the Azores—and I am told my tongue was black, and that I spoke mad words. When I had a little recovered I tried to tell them, they only laughed: "A blow—then thirst and fever and sun—and too many old books!"

So be it! But if not at the moment, sometime in God's world there was a great wrong, and a great vengeance in a Caravel of Da Gama's fleet. And when I remember those eyes—those cool hands—that kiss! Let them smile! *For I know! . . . I know!*

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The Forward Pass—(Concluded from page 663)

games as well as the Big Classics watched by cheering thousands at the wind-up of the season.

How to handle the incomplete pass is what is now troubling the rules committee each year. It slows up the game. It is a loose ball that nobody can do anything with except to pick up and bring back to the spot where it was last put in play, and then the play must start all over again. It is the only play in football in which the side making an error has another opportunity to redeem itself. This happens frequently in the final moments of a game when a team is behind and has nothing to lose and everything to gain. It is then that the constant use of the play occurs, without much judgment, but with the hope that at least one pass might be caught and a touchdown made. This loose and indiscriminate forward passing should be restricted. This might be accomplished by imposing a penalty considerably more severe than the loss of a down for an incomplete pass, such as the loss of the ball, if two forward passes should happen to fail before a first down is made.

The forward pass has caused greater versatility in the make-up of a football team than was the case in the days of mass play. Speed is now the predominant factor, and though the teams are as heavy as formerly, they move faster and are quicker and more active generally, and more men have the ability to carry

and handle the ball. It has greatly developed facility in handling the ball. Catching a forward pass on the run is now done almost as easily as an outfielder gathers in a long, high fly. A forward pass is one of the prettiest plays in the game, and the more deception there is in the execution of it, the more probability there is that it will be completed. Such men as Lourie, Trimble, Strubing and Murray of Princeton; Mahan, Casey and Hardwick of Harvard; Murphy and Aldrich of Yale, Boynton of Williams, Robertson of Dartmouth, McMillan of Center College and others too numerous to mention, have developed the open game far beyond the dreams of those who stood sponsor for this style of play. Most of these men were also baseball players, and those who have the ability to play the national game have often developed into the star "Triple Threaters" on the football fields. The open game is what develops the thrilling plays in football, and it is these long, dodging runs, and cleanly executed forward passes, that are remembered and looked forward to when the teams of the great American universities meet in their annual struggles and battle fiercely for the mythical championship.

Already this season victory after victory has been won owing to the successful execution of a forward heave by some cool player who has mastered the art of throwing the ball.

Motor Department—(Concluded from page 668)

summer temperature. Starting conditions in a cold garage are different, however, and it must be remembered that excessive amounts of gasoline are required for the "warming up" process which seems to be so necessary before an engine can be expected to develop its normal power. From the standpoint of efficiency rather than convenience, the best way is to drain the radiator on cold nights and to fill the cooling system with warm water when the car is to be used. This then places the entire engine in the same condition, as regards temperature, as though it had been operated for fifteen or twenty minutes, and will save the amount of gasoline which would otherwise be required to bring the entire system to this temperature. It will save dilution of the crank case oil, and through the ease of starting which is thus assured will save the severe strain on the battery which cold weather usually entails. The battery is an expensive necessity of car operation, and long periods of use of the starter before the motor will respond, represent a punishment which the battery manufacturer deplores and which amounts to a serious item of cost to the car owner for battery recharging, rental, repair or renewal.

Radiator covers, robes and the like will serve to retain the heat of a water-cooled car for several hours. Cars which are kept standing idle on the street or in garages for more than three or four hours, however, in exceedingly cold weather should be provided with some form of anti-freezing mixture in the radiator. A

25 per cent. solution of alcohol (one-quarter alcohol and three-quarters water) will freeze at zero, a 30 per cent. solution will freeze at five degrees below and a 40 per cent. solution will freeze at twenty degrees below.

It should be remembered that the boiling point of alcohol is much lower than that of water and consequently this proportion of alcohol will be reduced rapidly as a car is operated. Glycerine may prevent this evaporation to a certain extent, but one manufacturer recommends the following anti-freezing solution: alcohol 20 per cent., glycerine 20 per cent. and water 60 per cent., thus giving a non-freezing insurance to the point of twenty degrees below zero. Proportions of 16, 16 and 68, respectively, will prevent freezing to points within five degrees below zero.

The above suggestions, of course, apply only to the water-cooled car. The air-cooled car lends itself to the operating conditions of the moment almost immediately. It cools quickly, warms up almost instantly and as there is nothing to freeze about it, the only precautions that need to be taken in cold weather are to make sure that the mixture is sufficiently rich so that the motor will start easily, thus avoiding undue strain on the battery; and to avoid racing the engine until the oil in the crank case is warm and will flow quite easily to all parts requiring lubrication. This latter, however, is a money-saving precaution which should be taken with the water-cooled car as well.



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